

Part 2

Previously on Voynich)

ANNOUNCER (voice over): “Previously on Voynich...”

Quick shot of Nimbus’s computer screen, Voynich being typed. Typing stops, *gunshot*, Nimbus’s brains splatter across screen.

Cut to overhead shot of CENTAUR, book in one hand and gun in the other, looking down to see NIMBUS writing in Voynich with his own blood.

Cut to Detective WILSON and OFFICER FRIST hunched over NIMBUS’s body.

WILSON: “He tried to write something.”

Close-up of bloody writing smear.

WILSON (voice-over): “What language is that?”

Cut to Mufon’s computer screen, full of Voynich. MUFON clicks *translate*.

Cut to close-up of screen: “if you can read this, you’re dead.”

MUFON (into cellphone): “Someone just sent me a death threat in Voynich.”

FRIENDISH (into cellphone): “Ah, you’ll get used to it. Welcome to Voynich.”

Cut to WILSON.

WILSON: “So what *is* Voynich?”

ADMIRAL: “It’s a book named after the man who found it, an antiques dealer named Wilfred Voynich. It’s several hundred years old. It’s written in a language, or a code, that no one has ever seen before. No one has ever been able to translate it. And it has a lot of strange drawings and art in it, too. Mostly plants.”

Cut to MOLEBACK’s hand (with green nail polish) holding a b&w page with a Voynich plant.

MOLEBACK (off-screen): “These plants look like what we’re after, but I’d need to see the original pages, or at least better copies.”

Cut to FRIENDISH on phone with her: “I think I know exactly what you got, and I’m impressed. I didn’t even think the originals were still around.”

Cut to Auction.

AUCTIONEER: “Our next item up next for bid is an unidentified Voynich manuscript.”

COUNT: “I have always wanted a Voynich for my collection. I do 5 and a half million.”

PEGASUS: “6.”

COUNT (grins and nods): “*Ahhhh.*”

Cut to MUFON clicking an email titled “Voynich.” Virus alarms splash the screen. MUFON gets up and goes away from the infected computer. He walks out the front door; it is night outside. Shot holds on door for a second, and door blasts inward. It is day outside.

STORMTROOPER: “Federal agents!”

Cut to AGENT in room.

AGENT: “We must have just missed him.”

Cut to AGENT picking up laptop.

AGENT: “Got his laptop, though.”

Cut to CONVEX in car, radio mic in one hand, cell phone in other.

MUFFLED VOICEOVER: “That laptop’s dynamite. We can’t allow it to reach Atlanta.”

CONVEX: “Well, if you want me to get drastic...”

Cut to CONVEX outside van, opening back door. Shoots in twice, climbs in, climbs out with the laptop and money valise.

Cut to AGENT in front of Van.

AGENT [voice over]: “We have a *situation* at the van. We need more people here immediately. Two of our men are dead... ..no, they were shot. It just happened... ..I don’t know, but I don’t think it was Mufon. It was a man with out a hat—I repeat—*no hat*.... ..We don’t know where he is....”

Shot tracks KAY’s car, driving away. Alana and Mufon are visible.

Fade to black.

21)

Morph into dawn, sun rising over Alps crag. The view is quite beautiful. Morning noises (birds, etc.) Shot pans back to show PEGASUS sitting on a bench, taking in the view. He is still not completely awake.

COUNT [off screen]: “Ah, I had wondered when I had started up the path if I would find someone already here,,,” walks into shot, “,,,and I find that it is you.”

PEGASUS (still looking at the panorama): “Morning.”

COUNT (sits on the edge of the bench): “Heh, yes, it is.” Looks at the view, takes a deep breath, lets it out slowly. “Ahhh, I love the air, here, no? It is good to fill your body with it, first thing in the morning. Your brain has purer oxygen to work with from the start of the day.”

PEGASUS ignores him.

COUNT: “Hey, have you seen the Madonna?”

PEGASUS (turns to him, puzzled): “I’m sorry?”

COUNT (smiles, points to the peak the sun is rising behind): “That peak. The erosion kind of makes it look human, like a woman with long hair in profile.”

Cut to scene of peak, sun still rising behind it. It does have a *vague* anthropomorphic form.

PEGASUS (off screen): “I don’t see it.”

COUNT: “Hehe, neither did I at first. But one night, many, many decades ago, we had come here with our Tent, and our Lamp, and our Tent, and our Lamp, and we do *not* increase the dose, except that night is a *special occasion*. Come the morning, I look out of the Tent, and I see that spire there. The sun was rising behind it like now, but it was at the top. Look like a halo. And I thought to myself, *hehe*, Madonna with a halo. Several of us saw it. Enough that the di Medicigan built us this bench should we wish to sit and see the Madonna at dawn again.”

PEGASUS: “Still don’t see it.”

COUNT: “Maybe psilocybin helps.” *Chuckles*, then holds up a finger. “Hey, you ask Hassan. He was there. I bet he remember seeing Madonna.”

PEGASUS ignores him.

COUNT: “Hey, where is your master, anyway?”

PEGASUS (gives him the same look and smile that HASSAN did when asked the same question in Scene 18): “Back at the suite, packing.”

COUNT: “Ah, you are leaving for America, then?”

PEGASUS: “Yeah.”



ie: "Madonna with Child" spire in Sedona, Arizona

COUNT: “You will be taking your book with you?”

PEGASUS: “Yeah.”

COUNT: “*Bah*. This is too bad for me.” *Pause*, coy smile. “And too bad for Mr. Penguin, too, *eh?*”

PEGASUS looks at him sideways, poker faced.

COUNT: “*Ah*, you know that the Penguin got iced.”

PEGASUS: “I heard it.”

COUNT: “Admittedly my mind immediately sprung to you as doing this, but di Medicigan thinks it was the Centaur.”

PEGASUS: “That’s funny, ’cuz that’s who I heard it from.”

COUNT: “Oh, you two talk?”

PEGASUS: “Time to time.”

COUNT: “Ah, keep your friends within reach,” (holds out an arm) “But your enemies close, *eh?*” folds arm in as if hugging someone around the neck, then makes a fist and a knife-in-the-back motion.

PEGASUS (smiles wryly): “Something like that.”

COUNT: “I am actually curious: what did Centaur say of the Penguin?”

PEGASUS: “He said Penguin was a bit player not even worthy of a pawn.”

COUNT: “And what did *you* think of the Penguin?”

PEGASUS: “At the auction Penguin struck me as small fry and harmless.”

COUNT: “*Bah*, that cock-blocker was an asshole, and it is rare the asshole who is harmless.”

PEGASUS: “Centaur said he had no portfolio. He gave me the impression he didn’t think Penguin would be missed by anyone important.”

COUNT: “Well, di Medicigan misses him; it was he who invited him to the auction, after all. And you know what? Even *I* kind of miss him. *Hehe*, he added color. That boy had some big bales of flax to say that to Spumoni. Of course, if he had tried that cock-blocking crap on *me* and *my* heritage, I’d have ripped off his nipples and epoxied them to his eyelids!”

PEGASUS: “It’s too early in the morning for images like that.”

COUNT nods, takes another slow breath. They sit in silence, taking in the day.

PEGASUS: “How are things back in the homeland?”

COUNT: “*Bah!* Still tied up in court. The bastards are actually making me come to the Hague for it. The accused has a right to see who is accusing them, and I am accusing the bastards of stealing my ancestral land. *Bah*, it is a delaying tactic legal formality; do not get me started.”

PEGASUS: “Never been to the Hague.”

COUNT: “*Bah*, I spend as little time in the lowlands as possible. The ground does not feel right under my bare feet. But it is not for a couple of days, so I am flying to Crete first.”

PEGASUS: “Never been to Crete, either.”

COUNT: “I have scouts among the archaeology digs down there. One of them tells me a rare and unusual sculpture just turned up in a bank vault deposit box. He has piqued my interest, so I go check it out. I have a soft spot for sculpture.”

PEGASUS: “Hassan once said that you had one of the arms from the Venus di Milo, and had broken off 3 of the fingers at the knuckle so it looked like it was flipping a bird.” PEGASUS demonstrates.

COUNT (outraged): “He told you about *that?!?* *Bah!* You tell that Farsi cocksucker to go *fuck* himself! See if I ever invite him to *my* castle again!”

Both turn back to the panorama.

PEGASUS: “Hey,” and extends arm toward the peak, “Is that what you were talking about?”

Cut to: mountain peak with sun behind it. View blurs/morphs into next scene.

22)

Blur/morph in a neon beer sign, roughly shaped like the preceding scene. Shot pans down and out to show Bob’s Baseball Bunker.

SHERIFF walks in (armed and in uniform), waves at BELLE, and walks straight up to the bar. He deliberately ignores CONVEX, who is watching him intently.

BELLE: “Evenin’, Sheriff. How you doing tonight? Just getting off duty?”

SHERIFF pulls up to a stool at the bar that gives him an askew view of CONVEX.

SHERIFF: “Yeah, Vern caught the Forrest brothers up at the high school spray-painting Ozzy Osbourne lyrics on the principle’s parking space. Quiet night, otherwise. Bob still here? I was hoping to catch a catfish hoagie before heading home.”

Cut to CONVEX’S hand sliding under the table; rests on his crotch, with the fingers inside his jacket so he can make a quick grab for his gun.

BOB is at the other end of the bar, chatting with REGULAR and TRAILER TRASH GIRLFRIEND.

BELLE [off screen]: “Bob?” BOB turns to look at her. “Is the grill still on?”

BOB nods, then sees the SHERIFF sitting next to her. Waves.

BELLE: “Take a catfish hoagie.”

SHERIFF: “Chips too, and no pickle this time.”

BOB (grins): “You just won’t let me forget that, will you?” Excuses himself from REGULAR, and heads back into the kitchen.

Cut to CONVEX, watching the SHERIFF and BELLE at the bar. She asks the SHERIFF something, he shrugs and points at one of the taps. BELLE goes to pour him a pint of red beer. CONVEX looks at his watch: 11:23.

23)

Cut to: wall-mounted clock reading 11:23. Shot pans back to show it is the clock on Nimbus’s wall in his computer room. A single green fly (the BEELZEBUG) lands on it briefly, zips off; will be heard sporadically [with 2 others] throughout scene. Camera continues panback to show PROP: sitting on the floor, back against the wall, looking through a thick sheaf of papers and printouts. As view pans, we hear a page turn off-screen. Camera focuses on entry to library room; WILSON is leaning back in a chair, reading a Kircher print-out.

OFFICER DECONS leans into the open door.

OFFICER DECONS: “I’m going home.”

WILSON (without looking up): “Alright.”

PROP (off screen) : “Night.”

OFFICER DECONS exits.

PROP (off screen): “Will, I’m probably gonna pack it in, too.”

WILSON: “I’m still plowing through Kircher’s commentary on the book. This is *painful* to read. It’s all flowery fluff bragging about himself and how he cracked the language.”

PROP (off screen): “Oh? How did he crack it, anyway?”

WILSON: “Hasn’t said yet, but it seemed to be with the help of the Holy Spirit. That’s who he gave credit to, and then went off on a tangent about the Book of Acts, and how the Holy Spirit gave the Apostles glossalalia at Pentecost, so they could speak and read all tongues.”

PROP wanders in.

PROP: “Sounds like standard pious Jesuit fare.”

WILSON: “Probably.”

PROP: “Hey, mind if I smoke in here?”

WILSON: “I don’t remember seeing an ashtray, so sure, if you can keep it clean.”

PROP shrugs and lights up. WILSON returns to the papers.

PROP: “Noon blue apples. Sounds like a good name for a bad band.”

WILSON: “Huh; I was thinking the title of a collection of poetry, by some nature-loving poet like Whitman or Emily What’s-Her-Dickens.”

PROP (points at Kircher Yale book on the floor, open to conspicuous plant illustrations): “I don’t think those are the Leaves of Grass that Whitman meant.” *Puff.* “So does he say what the book or language is?”

WILSON: “He claims the writing’s a cipher, which he only broke through the Holy Spirit. He calls the contents blasphemous; I think the term he used was ‘compendium of heretical horticulture and alchemy.’ Right now he’s rambling about the Deuteronomy injunction against astrology.”

PROP: “It’s stone ya to death, isn’t it?”

WILSON: “Yeah.”

PROP: “Right; I couldn’t remember from [judaic sabbath school].”

WILSON: “Oh, are you Jewish?”

PROP: “Well, there’s nothing ‘ish’ about it: either you’re a Jew or you aren’t. No ish.”

WILSON: “What about the Amish?”

PROP (chuckles): “Anyway, my mom was, so I am, but I practice sporadically. That’s why I wasn’t sure if it was stone ya for stargazing or not.” PROP pulls up sleeve: there is a tattoo in Hebrew of Leviticus 19:28 circling his bicep.

WILSON: “Neat; what’s it say.”

PROP: “‘Thou shalt not tattoo thyself.’ It’s from Leviticus.”

WILSON: “You’re about to ash.”

PROP sees this, and cups his hand under it. He retreats back to the desk and taps the ash into the empty Gatorade bottle. Shot freezes.

24)

Identical empty Gatorade, on the bar of Bob's Baseball Bunker. BELLE grabs it and throws it in the trash. Over the jukebox, Neil Young's "Country Home" starts up. Camera pans to show outside window, view of parking lot. 3 motorcycles pull up: a Harley easy rider and 2 crotch-rockets. Headlights shine in brightly, then die. CHUBBS get off the Harley, and VIXEN and FOX get off the crotchrockets. They come in, taking off their helmets. VIXEN spots CONVEX, nods, and leads the others back to his booth.

VIXEN: "Convex!"

CONVEX: "Convixen." Thin smile.

VIXEN (to FOX and CHUBBS): "He's Convex, so he used to call me Convixen." CHUBBS and FOX smile politely. She turns to CONVEX, and introduces "Fox and Chubbs."

CONVEX (low voice): "Before you sit down, you saw the bar, right?"

Cut to the three of them facing table; in the background SHERIFF is animatedly telling a story with a half-eaten hoagie in his hand, but his head is tilted enough to watch. VIXEN, FOX, and CHUBBS nod.

FOX: "Should we move somewhere else?"

CONVEX: "I doubt this town has a lot of "Somewhere else's" open right now."

CHUBBS: "Well, do we have anything to worry about anyway? I gather we're not actually doing anything illegal, or at least that would be recognized as such by some hick sheriff?" He looks at CONVEX to see if he agrees.

CONVEX nods, and puts Mufon's laptop on the table.

Close-up of laptop: it is cracked open, with a ball-point pen wedged in. The lock is pried, tampered with.

After a moment, a cd in a jewelcase slides across the table and lands next to it; it is elegantly labeled "Scrub 3".

FOX (off camera): "That what you're after?"

CONVEX: "Yeah." He swings out of the booth. "Cool; I'll let you get started. Right now I gotta take a piss."

VIXEN: "Me too, actually. Where's the lady's room?"

CONVEX (to VIXEN): "I'll show you." (to CHUBBS and FOX) "Don't close it, or it might lock again. I'll be back in a squirt or two." FOX sits down in the open booth, and CHUBBS takes CONVEX's seat so he can watch the SHERIFF. Camera follows CONVEX and VIXEN through the bar, to a small, walled alcove where the payphone and restrooms are. When the two are hidden from the bar, they immediately kiss and paw each other. He pushes her against the wall, grinding against her unabashedly. She is more than willing in reciprocation.

VIXEN: "How much time do we have?"

CONVEX: "Depends on your friends, and how fast they can fix it."

VIXEN pushes CONVEX into the ladies room. Shot holds on door. Sound of zippers being undone.

CONVEX [off screen]: “I don’t have a rubber.”

VIXEN [off camera]: “I bought a box last time we stopped for gas.”

Sound of stall door being opened, with giggling.

Cut to FOX and CHUBBS in booth. Laptop is open, facing CHUBBS; screen is blank except for a progress bar, 1/4 of the way. FOX is on a cellphone, finishing up a conversation.

FOX (to CHUBBS): “Where are we again?”

CHUBBS (watching bar): “Martinsburg.”

FOX (into phone): “Martinsburg... ..uh huh... ..well, it wasn’t *that* much of a detour, so this shouldn’t set us back by more than a couple hours. ... depends how well this little mission of mercy works, maybe 3, 4 hours, including travel time...” In background, VIXEN comes out of the bathroom, looking flushed and coy. Slides into booth next to FOX.

VIXEN: “How’s it coming?”

CHUBBS (slyly): “You tell me.”

She smiles smugly at him and looks over at FOX.

FOX (still on the phone): “Yeah, we’ll still make it, just later than we planned.... ..Okay, Dawn, we’ll see you soon... bye.” Hits disconnect.

CHUBBS: “Waitress warning.”

BELLE has come out from behind the bar, and is walking toward the booth, menus in hand. CHUBBS puts the pen in the hinge and lowers the lid.

BELLE: “Howdy.”

CHUBBS: “Evenin, ma’am.”

BELLE: “Your friend’s been camped out here for a while, and I have a hunch that y’all’re gone a settin’ up tents yerselves, so what can I get to start off?”

CHUBBS: “Take a Gatorade, if you got one, or some sports drink. Anything with electrolytes.”

BELLE: “Son, Gatorade’s what we call a *seasonal* item ’round here. We only got it during the summer, and even then just mixed with rum after a game. *No one* drinks it straight up...”

CHUBBS: “Okay, don’t suppose you have espresso?”

BELLE: “Normally *yes*, but it’s been so popular the machine broke down through continuous use.”

VIXEN: “Is your kitchen is still open?”

BELLE: “To the chagrin of our long-suffering cook, it’s *always* open.”

FOX: “Well, we’re low-maintenance.” Smiles flirtatiously with BELLE.

BELLE: “I *see*.”

VIXEN: “What kind of cheese you got?”

BELLE: [robotically, like a Manchurian Candidate]: “American, cheddar, swiss, and provolone,,, [returns to normal] “*Um*, but it’s all in strips, for burgers and hoagies and stuff. We got mozzarella sticks, I guess.”

CHUBBS: “Tell you what, to start, can we get three coffees?”

FOX: “How’s the water?”

BELLE: “Fresh from the well out back.”

FOX: “Oh good! I’m sure it will be naturally delicious. A glass of that, if you please.”

BELLE: “Y’all wanna start your own tab, or should I put this on your friend’s?”

CHUBBS (scoffing, as if it wasn’t even an issue): “Oh, *him*, of course. Make that evil fiend pay for this mission of mercy.” FOX nods in complete agreement.

VIXEN reaches out and tilts CONVEX’s cup, to see how much is in it. Residue.

VIXEN: “And get a refill for him, too.”

BELLE: “Sure. Where is your friend, anyway?”

Cut to: ladies’ room interior. 2 stalls are aligned; shot is from the side, showing the wall of one. In the far stall, CONVEX’s feet are seen, his pants down around his ankles. Sound of a cocaine-type snort can be heard, followed by another in rapid succession. Silence, then sound of unrolling of a lot of toilet paper, and then a hearty nose honk.

Sound of door opening, boots walking on tile. In the nearer stall, the SHERIFF’s legs come in. Sound of unzipping, and then urination, very brief.

SHERIFF: “Guess you had the same problem I did: men’s room was full.” *Zip*. “Bob swears that Otis lives in that one stall.” *Silence*. “What do you think?” *Silence*. “*Huh?*”

CONVEX [from behind stall]: “Wouldn’t know, officer.”

Brief sound of flush, and SHERIFF’s legs turn around. CONVEX’s stay put.

SHERIFF: “*Sheriff*, actually. Sheriff Jefferson Davis the Second.” *Silence*. “And you are...?”

CONVEX: “Just passing through.”

SHERIFF: “Where you passin’ through *to*?”

CONVEX: “New Mexico.”

SHERIFF: “That right? Where you comin’ from?”

CONVEX: “New Mexico.”

SHERIFF: “Get lost?”

CONVEX: “I *knew* I shoulda taken that left turn at Albuquerque.”

Long pause.

Sound of CONVEX unrolling some toilet paper.

Long silence.

Sound of more toilet paper being unwound.

SHERIFF: “Damn, son, you alright in there? Y’know, it kinda smells like *fish* in here.”

CONVEX: “Yeah, I’m fine. Food’s just a little greasier than I’m used to.”

Cut to menu. Various food items typical to bars are listed, all of them vegan-unfriendly. FOX’s index finger traces down the list; her nail is painted the same shade of green as Moleback’s.

FOX (voiceover): “Oh no, I can’t eat *any* of these.”

BELLE (voiceover): “Sorry, but Bob says frying in animal fat adds flavor.”

VIXEN: “I’ll just take the motz sticks, but with barbecue sauce to dip them in.”

Cut to laptop: it *beeps* once.

CHUBBS uses the pen to lift the lid up, to see what it says.

Scrub failed. Do you wish to retry? y/n

During this, FOX is talking to waitress:

FOX (off screen): “Do you have any raw fruit or vegetables? I’ll just take a whole onion and a couple of whole bell peppers, and eat them like an apple. I would appreciate it if you would thoroughly wash them in ice cold water first, to get any pesticides off.”

CHUBBS closes the lid on the pen.

CHUBBS: “Crap.”

Cut to BELLE, holding her order pad and a pen.

BELLE (to CHUBBS): “You want *fries* with that crap, hon?” Smiles sourly.

CHUBBS: “Actually, just a top-off on the coffee. We’ll be leaving shortly.”

BELLE: “Oh? Well, hell, let me go get that coffee right away.” Turns to the girls. “If your friend’s leaving you still want them veggies?”

FOX and VIXEN look at CHUBBS, who glances at the laptop and shakes his head.

FOX: “Just coffee top-offs, I guess.”

BELLE (sounding the most enthusiastic of the evening): “Should I close y’all out?”

CHUBBS: “Hey, that’s all on Convex’s tab, so do what you want when he gets back.”

VIXEN reaches across the table and sticks her finger in Convex’s coffee cup, shrugs that it’s still hot enough not to order a fresh one.

BELLE eagerly leaves to go get the coffee pot. CHUBBS watches her off, and when she can’t hear, he leans forward over the laptop.

CHUBBS: “Didn’t work.”

FOX: “Wow, what the fuck kind of virus hit his machine?”

VIXEN: “He didn’t say; he just said it was bad enough to need Scrub 3.”

CHUBBS: “Well, whatever hit his laptop has scorched it. This thing’s a crispy critter; no way to save or retrieve anything on here.”

VIXEN: “Oh, that’s too bad. But at least the detour wasn’t a total waste,” and she grins lustily.

FOX: “God, we detoured all the way into bum-fuck Appalachia for a goddamn booty call.”

VIXEN (husky but overly-melodramatic): “What can I say, I got needs, and neither of you ain’t putting out.” Leans into FOX, smiling.

FOX: “Not to *you*, cheese-eater.” She grins, and then licks the tip of VIXEN’s nose before turning to CHUBBS, who is watching this amusedly. “I’m still kinda curious to know what could withstand a third-degree Scrub.” Indicates the laptop. “That thing’s got one bad-ass bug in it. Could you even tell what it was?”

CHUBBS: “Naw. I’d need a diagnosis program to identify it. I don’t got one on me; I’m guessing you don’t either?” The girls shake their heads briefly. “Whatever it is, only way to kill this virus is to wipe the drive clean and reformat from scratch. It’s a nice box, near as I can tell, and it should run fine from a fresh start format. Otherwise, junk it.”

FOX: “Well, that’s his call, and he can make it when he gets back. We’ll tell him and split.” The other two agree, though VIXEN only half-heartedly.

CHUBBS ejects the scrub disc, and puts it back in the jewel case. He shoves it across the table to FOX, and sips his coffee. Looks at laptop.

CHUBBS: “Vixen, *did* he say this was *his* lap?”

VIXEN: “Um, I don’t know. I guess. I just assumed so.”

CHUBBS: “Just wondering about the lock.”

FOX: “I saw that, and specifically decided not to ask.”

VIXEN: “I don’t know. Maybe he lost the key. Ask him when he gets back.”

FOX: “Where the hell is he, anyway?”

Cut to women’s room; same side-stall angle as before.

SHERIFF: “...get a couple Andy Griffith/Mayberry jokes now’n again, but at least we don’t got crack or smack in our schools, and come Sunday Sabbath, you walk into church you’ll find near-full attendance, half-of who’m actually *want* to be there.”

[long *pause*]

CONVEX: “The Sabbath’s on Saturday.”

SHERIFF: “Come ’gain?”

Pause, then sounds of toilet paper unrolling. CONVEX blows his nose. Stands up in stall; sounds of his pants fastening. After a moment, the toilet flushes. Under this, the sound of CONVEX cocking his pistol’s hammer back. Sound of toilet stops, and we hear the sound of the doorlatch opening, the squeak of unoiled hinges.

Cut to: booth. BELLE is topping off coffees; it is steaming hot.

CHUBBS: “Thank ye, ma’am.”

BELLE (smiles unctuously): “If you don’t mind my askin’, where’re y’all from?”

FOX and **VIXEN** (and **CHUBBS**, off-screen) in unison: “Canada.”

BELLE nods, somehow believing this to explain their eccentricities. She walks off to the bar; camera follows. She gets to the bar, where BOB is closing out REGULAR’s tab at the cash register. BELLE sidles up to BOB, waves good night to REGULAR, and nods her head toward the booth.

BELLE: “Canadians.”

BOB gets a Zen-like look of understanding. Looks at the cash drawer, which is still open.

BOB: “Hey, that half-hundred you got, that wasn’t Canadian, was it?”

BELLE: “No...” pulls it out to make sure. “Yeah, it’s U.S.” They both look at it. (*aside*) “You know, I wonder...”

BELLE reaches over to the till and pulls out a counterfeit detection pen. She puts the bill on the bar and draws a mark. BOB looks over her shoulder eagerly.

BOB: “Shit, what is that? I can’t tell in the light.”

Off-screen, a muffled yelp of pain.

BELLE and BOB quickly lookup.

Off-screen, gunshot.

BOB and BELLE quickly look to the bathroom.

Cut to booth: all heads snap to the bathroom.

CHUBBS: “Oh shit.”

FOX (turns around to address the others): “Let’s bail.”

CHUBBS (starts sliding out of the booth) “I’m already gone.”

VIXEN is still frozen, staring at the bathroom. FOX nudges her in the belly to get her to move. She gets out awkwardly. CHUBBS realizes he forgot his helmet, so reaches in to get it. As he grabs it, he looks at the laptop. Quick glance to the bathroom, and he yanks out the power cord from under the table; it quickly begins winding back into the laptop, and is completely retracted by the time CHUBBS is out of the booth with it.

Once VIXEN is out, camera follows her as she goes quickly to the bathroom area. She pushes open the men’s room door.

Cut to shot of men’s room; mirror shot of how the ladies room is. The far stall is occupied and has fat pants pulled around ankles.

VIXEN: “Convex?”

OTIS (behind stall): “Other room, ma’am.”

In the background, the sounds of 2 motorcycles revving to life.

VIXEN lets the door shut, and opens the ladies' room. From over VIXEN’s shoulder, we can see the SHERIFF dead. VIXEN sees enough, lets the door close, and turns to run. She encounters BELLE, looking terrified, and BOB, uncertain.

VIXEN: “Call 9-1-1.”

BOB moves beyond, to investigate. BELLE stares at VIXEN for a second, then flees to the bar. Camera follows BELLE. The few patrons are looking around in puzzlement, or oblivious. BELLE grabs the phone, and dials (as in rotary phone) three numbers.

BELLE (to phone): “Ruth?... Oh, sorry Hannah. This is Belle out at the Bunker.... Someone just shot the Sheriff, or the Sheriff just shot someone, but...”

Loud roar of a motorcycle starting up; a sole headlight flashes through the window, and VIXEN peels out. Shot pans to follow her through the window, rests on a glass of water on the wooden bar. Noises fade to silence.

25)

Cut to: similar glass of water on an identically-grained table. Sound of door closing, and ripples go through the water. Camera pans back to reveal PEGASUS's suite [same as Scene 5.] PEGASUS walks into shot.

HASSAN (off screen): "Oh, you scuff your shoe!"

Cut to shoe, badly scuffed.

PEGASUS (off camera): "The rocks had dew on them, and I slipped on my way up."

HASSAN: "Oh, the shoe-shine bag is packed right now, but you give to Hassan. He take care for you. Hassan fix everything."

PEGASUS: "I saw the Madonna. And her halo."

HASSAN (amused): "What? You saw the Count's Madonna? God, it was all he talked about that day. We figured it was just the psilocybin."

PEGASUS: "Oh, you didn't see it?"

HASSAN (grins mischievously): "No. While the Count was out sun worshipping, Hassan was in the Tent romping with the Count's mistress."

PEGASUS smiles wryly at this, prompting HASSAN to grin more. He pulls up a pant leg.

Quick cut to: gnarled old kneecap. A wizened finger points to a small inch-long scar.

HASSAN (voice-over): "That is from the *Lamp*."

PEGASUS: "How are we coming along in here?"

HASSAN: "We are all packed. Your toiletries are in a bag in the bathroom, if you had wished to shower first."

PEGASUS: "Hassan, you read my mind."

HASSAN: "Hassan do that sometime. It is the fez."

PEGASUS (begins taking off shirt): "I need a shower anyway. When I got back off the path, di Medicigan was in the garden, having tea with Spumoni."

HASSAN: "Do you mean spumoni the dessert, or Spumoni the Prince of the Church?"

PEGASUS: "Cardinal Spumoni. That guy's just naturally *slimy*, and every time I'm around him, I feel like it somehow osmosises onto me."

HASSAN: "Ah, it is the olive oil. He eat *nothing* else. Your predecessor, he once have dinner with Spumoni, when he was ordain Bishop of Milan. Hassan ask him who he's going to eat with, and he say 'the next Pope.' *Haha*. But he say later that Spumoni ate nothing but fresh-baked bread and extra virgin olive oil the whole night. Hassan hear same from others who have dines with him, too. A diet like that, it comes out in the skin."

PEGASUS goes into bathroom.

HASSAN: “So what did you, di Medicigan, and Spumoni talk about?”

PEGASUS: “The future of flax.”

HASSAN (laughs politely): “But there is no problem?”

PEGASUS: “There *are* problems, but they’re not mine.”

HASSAN: “*Ah*. This is glad.”

PEGASUS: “Okay, so call down and get a car ready. You can also start taking our bags down.”

HASSAN: “Hassan is pleased to be your beast of burden, sir.”

Bathroom door closes. HASSAN goes to a screen on the wall; it has a painting of a landscape. He touches it, and it turns into a computer screen, as in Scene 5.

Close-up: HASSAN touches a button marked “Front Desk”

FRONT DESK (in Italian): “Scrittorio anteriore.”

HASSAN: “Hello, this is Hassan. Can you have a car brought around for us, and a couple of flunkies sent up to take down our bags?”

FRONT DESK (in English): “Yes sir. Anything else?” Sounds of typing. From the bathroom, the shower starts.

HASSAN: “No. You have a nice day.”

The screen goes back to the menu; we see HASSAN’s reflection in it. HASSAN looks at the bathroom door, then goes to the bed, rifles through his bags, and finds a small book. Returns to screen flipping through it.

Quick cut to book: dual columns of Voynich script, like an address/phone number book.

Cut to HASSAN, changing the screen to look like a telephone pad. Looking back and forth between the book and the screen, he dials a long number and waits patiently.

Cut to: receptionist [MARY] on screen, wearing a headset. She is 30, and nondescript. She looks out professionally, but shows happy surprise at seeing HASSAN.

HASSAN: “Mary, *haha*, Hassan had hoped it would be you who answered. You are the most beautiful of all the girls there in the Bat Cave.” MARY blushes and looks away coyly, obviously falling for the false flattery. “This is Hassan. You need to get a message to the Centaur and have him call me within the next fifteen minutes. It cannot be after that. He will understand.”

MARY: “Well, I’ll *try*...”

HASSAN: “Hassan understands if it cannot be done, but it is much worth the effort. You get dozen roses from Hassan if you can get him the Centaur. And it is likely the Centaur give you dozen roses too, for what Hassan has to tell him is important.”

MARY: “You can be reached at this number?”

HASSAN: “Yes. It is the di Medicigan villa, he will probably have to go through the switchboard.”

MARY nods.

HASSAN: “Goodbye Mary” and hits the disconnect. Screen goes back to menu. HASSAN hits ‘picture’ and it turns into a yacht on the sea.

Camera pans to other side of the room, where there is a clock. 9:23

Shot blurs, fades back on clock: 9:34

Shot pans to show room. HASSAN is on the edge of the bed, polishing the badly scuffed shoe. Half the luggage is gone. The shower is still going [will run through scene]

Telephone *rings*. There is an ornate 1950s-style phone right below the picture-phone on the wall—same from Scene 5. HASSAN drops the shoe and leaps to get it.

HASSAN: “Hello? ...*Aah!* This is good! Glad to see that Mary is as talented as she is beautiful.... ...Yes, he is in the shower, but you will forgive Hassan if he suddenly hangs up on you?... ...*Ah*... ...No, no, that is no problem. I am sure you do not wish to see Hassan’s wizened face, anyway, *eh?* *Haha*, good...
...well, my friend Centaur. Some people are not pleased with the icing of the Penguin. You may have thought he was a pawn player with no portfolio, but it would seem the Penguin was connected enough that your response has been deemed, *eh*, *drastic*... ...*Haha*, hey you don’t have to tell *Hassan!* You should have seen what the Shah did to the Ba’abists. That was fucking *brutal*, but even half the Ba’abists still lived to tell the tale... ...Yes, these things happen. But it *shouldn’t* have. My friend, that has always been one of your greatest strengths and weaknesses: you don’t delegate to the less-enthusiastic.” [pause, long enough to say ‘if you want something done your way...’] “...do it yourself! *Haha*, true. As Hassan said, it is also a strength, but don’t let your zeal for being *hands on* be your downfall. Hassan would miss you... ...*Haha*, you know, di Medicigan, he no call you the Centaur, he call you the Cowboy... ...*Hahahaha*, well, Hassan hopes you never call him that to his face! But listen, my friend, the icing of the Penguin, do not let this be your downfall... ...*Ah*, Hassan will put this in way you can appreciate: the Penguin may have been fair game play-wise, but he should have been *invested* or *neutralized*, not *taken out* of play completely. You overreacted, and the Referees are thinking of calling a foul on you... ...No, Hassan does not know, but possibly some type of penalty, and to be blunt, if you fuck up again, you may well get ejected yourself, yes?... ...*Haha*, touché, my friend. Yes, but the other game players may not take that point of view. You should watch yourself carefully, Centaur, and possibly think about atoning for your actions on the board...
...*Oh*, you are welcome. Your predecessor, he make Hassan promise that he watch out for you. Beside, Hassan had meant it when he said he would miss you if you weren’t around. *Hehe*, you add color. ...*Haha*, thank you...” HASSAN looks at bathroom door.

Cut to bathroom door; shower is still on, various showering noises can be heard. Very faintly, PEGASUS can be heard singing the theme from The Love Boat.

HASSAN: “Yes he is; how long have we been talking?... ...Maybe another 5 to 15 minutes... ...*Ah hah*, sure... ...The book? Oh, we have only skimmed it; he is going to read it cover to cover on the flight back... ...yes, a compendium... ...*ah*, nothing you don’t know already, but maybe not explained in this way... ...yes, they are nice. La Nada, of course. Hassan has made color copy of it already, so he can read it on the flight back too. Pegasus has asked me to burn them when we get back, but... ...*Haha*, Lugosovich already has... ...*haha*, how much flax? My friend, they are worth much more than *that*.” (catches himself sheepishly, then gets all apologetic) “Oh, listen to Hassan — he sound like the Count...”

Shot has been panning slightly, and focuses on a screen/painting of the yacht in the water.

26)

Cut to: Large yacht, sailing out of a port in the Aegean, as close to painting from previous scene as possible.

COUNT (off screen): “Bah!”

Cut to Captain’s Cabin. OWNER sits behind desk, DEALER to side, and COUNT in front. On the desk is a small, *extremely* ugly wooden sculpture.

COUNT (outraged): “Do not even *bother* naming a price! I would not give you the flies off my *shit* for that abomination! I am outraged a tree had to *die* for this artistic abortion!”

DEALER: “Count Lugosovich, it *is* an authentic Bramante.”

COUNT: “Bah! If this is an example of Bramante’s sculpture, Pope Julius was lucky he only had Bramante *design* the Sistine Chapel, not actually *build* it. I would not commission him to carve the notches in my bedpost!”

OWNER (shrugs): “That’s fine if you don’t like it; I’m sure I can unload it on a museum for a hundred grand or so.”

COUNT: “The museum would have to pay people to enter the room with this in it.” (To DEALER) “I am very disappointed in you. I flew all the way out to Crete for this? I should cut off your ballsack and use it for bait fishing off the back of this boat.”

OWNER: “Actually, I was gonna offer to do some fishing after we dealt with this...”

COUNT: “No, turn this tub around. There is nothing here I want, except to leave.”

DEALER: “Excuse me, Count?”

COUNT glares at him and is about to harangue, but DEALER speaks up for himself.

DEALER: “There are two things about this sculpture that caught my attention and made me think you’d be interested, and I think you haven’t noticed them yet.”

COUNT cocks his eye, but holds his tongue.

DEALER: “First, if you look closely at the grain of the wood, it’s very vaginal in places. Some of the knots suggest clitorises.”

COUNT turns to the sculpture, but then looks away with a dismissive wave.

COUNT: “Bah, it is too ugly to look at to find them.” The OWNER leans in curiously to see.

DEALER: “Second, Donato Bramante was mostly known for his architecture, but also his paintings, and to much lesser extent his sculpture. I know you own a building and some paintings of his, and I believe even a marble sculpture or two which came with the building. But this is *wood*. A different medium, one I was not even aware Bramante dabbled in until Mr. [OWNER]’s grandmother passed away and this was discovered amongst her possessions. So it is not only unique, but if you got it, you would have a complete set of his *style*.”

COUNT tilts his head at the DEALER, and then looks at the sculpture. He even leans in for a close look.

COUNT: “Hey, those do look like pussy.” Thinks it over for a second. “*Ah*, you make a good point. Two, actually. Why not.” (To OWNER): “Hey, I give you ton of flax for it.”

OWNER (frowns): “*Um...*”

COUNT: “*Ah*, one hundred thousand euro. *Ohhhh*, make it two; after all, it *is* a Bramante.”

OWNER is surprised, but then nods happily.

COUNT (to DEALER): “Hey, you good guy after all. Your ballsack off the hook if we go fishing later.”

OWNER: “That was a serious offer, actually. There’s a great place a kilometer up current that rarely does me wrong. I brought my personal chef on board, and if we catch something good was going to offer to cook it up fresh for us.”

COUNT: “No, I do not to eat seafood. Fish swim in the same water they shit and fuck in, and I can still taste that no matter how well the thing is cleaned. But I do enjoy the sport of fishing, even if I do not eat what I catch. The idea of some leisurely fishing is a nice one; it is a good day out, and we can talk while our lines are in the water.”

OWNER: “That’s one reason I like it. Very passive; you set a trap and let them come to you. And talk in the mean-time.”

COUNT: “I also like the randomness, because you never know what you might catch. It is a bit like chess. You put out a pawn as bait, and see what takes it. Some times you get another pawn, sometimes you might get the queen.”

OWNER: “You like to play? I have an antique set back at my bungalow. Used to belong to an English Grand Master and mountaineer named Crowley. Ivory and onyx. Beautiful.”

COUNT: “Hey, I have it on my laptop. We play a game or two while the lines are in the water. I have 500 different graphics; you love them. I let you choose.”

OWNER: “Sounds like a plan; let me get some reels ready.” Raises hand and waves (gaily): “Oh, cabana boy?!?”

[sound of gong from ‘The Addams Family’]

27)

Cut to PROP's computer monitor, a black pc tower next to it. On screen is a mail program w/progress bar (50%). Says " receiving 2 of 2 "

Voice of LURCH from 'Addams Family': "You rang?"

Shot pans back to show PROP at home, hovering over his computer. He is wearing reading glasses, there is an unopened bottle of Gatorade by him.

Cut to screen:

<u>Sender</u>	<u>Subject</u>
dr._who	re: crime scene script sqmd3qskwe`

Mouse moves over to the top mail; *click*

Prop, long time no talk. Too bad it took a murder to get you in touch with me. Since the characters are English, I assume the "Message" is supposed to be in English as well? I realize this is from an open investigation, but any context is helpful. I'll see what I can do.

-Dr. Who

"I'm all in favor of keeping dangerous weapons out of the hands of fools. Let's start with typewriters." – Frank Lloyd Wright

Image is on enough time to read, then click and it closes. Mouse selects the second message:

o&sghy5, fgffw

„laekd0tu 2mc ewfe so# fgffw

Cut to PROP, frowning.

Voice of LURCH from 'Addams Family': "You rang?"

Prop glances at computer screen.

28)

Cut to ALANA's laptop computer screen. The mail program tells her 15 incoming messages; they begin filling out, and are all spam and joke forwards from friends.

ALANA: “Damn, that’s a lot of spam.” Laughs. “And like I even need Viagra.” Reads another. “Find horny teen girls in your area.’ Hello?!? I *am* a horny teen girl?!? (reads another) ‘Do you like spicy bort?’ What the hell is ‘bort?’ anyway?”

MUFON (off screen): “You should get a spam account.”

ALANA: “I have enough spam as it is.”

Shot pans to show MUFON on all fours, at the edge of the bed leaning over her shoulder. He is shirtless but still wearing his baseball cap and necklace with the laptop key. Outside the window, it is morning.

MUFON: “No, it’s an email account to use if you ever have to give one out on-line. I’ve got a junkmail account I use for purely spammable offenses; I think at one point filled up with 50,000 messages.”

ALANA: “Now *that’s* a lot of spam.”

MUFON: “Actually, when you’re done on there, can I check my mail?”

ALANA: “Not if you’re going to read 50,000 pieces of spam. Oh god, you know, I don’t have time for this. I gotta finish my paper.”

MUFON: “Well, I won’t be long.”

ALANA shuffles out to the kitchen.

ALANA (off screen): “Want a red bull?”

MUFON: “Coffee?”

ALANA (off screen): “Nooo, sorry.” *Noises.* “Want some fruit?”

MUFON: “No thanks, but those peaches smell good.”

ALANA (off screen): “Um, I don’t have any peaches.”

MUFON: “Really? Do you have peach air freshener or perfume, maybe? ’Cuz I smell peaches.” Sniffs around. “Or I did, a second ago.”

ALANA (off screen): “You’re hallucinating. *Ewww*, these bananas are baby-shit brown...” Sound of them landing in the garbage.

MUFON puts the browser at junkmail.net.

Cut to:

User name: muffin_man

Password: *****

Inbox: 915 unread messages.

<<List of spam>>

MUFON ignores it and *clicks* 'compose'. Opens address book, selects 'Riggs.'

Riggz,, MIB swarmed my place, they have \$\$ laptop and cellphone. I'm on the lam, but I ain't no sheep. Make sure Streiber knows I am *so* sorry about this. I wouldn't write if I weren't. He should probably expect MIB to pay him a visit. So at least I can warn you of that.

-Muff

Hits 'send'.

ALANA reenters, holding a partially eaten apple. MUFON is about to close email when notices a piece at the top of his in-box.

Polaris [Mufon, does your Nimbus Friend itch?](#)

MUFON hesitates, and opens.

Dear Robert Mufon

We hope this email finds you, as our records are not up to date.

Does your nimbus friend itch, or do you miss your friend itch-ing? Please let us know if you have information on either of these conditions. Our flax salve might be the answer. We even have photographic proof of this that might be just what you're looking for. Or not. Contact us today, and we can arrange a demonstration with one of our sales representatives. Just understand that curing the cause may not eliminate the symptoms.

Polaris Enterprises
P.O. Box 51
Groom Lake, NV

ALANA (off screen): "You don't know how to do a bibliography page, do you?"

MUFON (off screen): "No."

Cut to ALANA; she picks up a textbook and flips to the back.

ALANA: "I guess I'll just copy this one and change the names."

MUFON: "That's what I always did."

ALANA: “Are you almost done?”

MUFON looks at the screen and closes the windows, logs out.

MUFON: “Yeah.”

ALANA: “Well, let me slap together some kind of works cited thingie and print this out.”

MUFON: “Okay.” They trade places, she begins typing and clicking furiously.

ALANA: “So what are you doing tonight?”

MUFON: “*Uh*, no plans as such.”

ALANA: “You’re supposed to say *me*.” Kisses him lightly on the lips, “Well, I guess you’ll be home, so I can stop by when I’m done with class. We can hang out at your place until Kim gets back from work.”

MUFON: “You two girls planning on watching Destiny Island?”

ALANA: “It’s a repeat, but it’s a good one. Hey, what’s a good name to use; I’ve already done Smith and Jones.”

MUFON: “How about ‘Carlton Ridenhour’.”

ALANA: “Haha, that works.” Typing.

MUFON: “That’s Chuck D, from Public Enemy.”

ALANA: “Well, now he’s Chuck D.D.S.” Still typing. “So I’ll just drop you off at your place on my way to class, and swing by after 5? I’ll be starving by then, and...”

MUFON: “Actually, *no go* on that. *Uh*, if you’re going onto campus, can you just drop me off there?”

ALANA: “Sure.”

MUFON: “School’s got a computer center, right?”

ALANA (shrugs): “I guess. Probably.”

MUFON (aside): ‘Naw, that’s too obvious.’ “Does the library have computers?”

ALANA: “I don’t know; never been there. Kim would know. She’s there all the time, in this little nook up on the fifth floor. Her boyfriend’s an English major, and he gets off on her giving him blowjobs and him spilling onto books he doesn’t like.” MUFON grins, begins getting dressed. “Okay I need one more name, and some type of book title.

MUFON: “ ‘Barbers in the middle ages’ by Don Figaro?”

ALANA: “No. Oh, Dr. John Barber, World Journal of Dentistry, volume 5, issue one, page... 88.”

Print. Closes book, looks around.

ALANA: “Hey, do you see an apple running around yelling ‘I’m free, I’m free?’”

MUFON sees the apple, and tosses it to her. Way too weak: a falls out of shot, and we hear it land on the floor.

29)

Cut to: apple rolling across concrete floor to a capybara’s snout.

TRASH (off-screen): “Think he’ll eat it?”

Shot pans back. A capybara is sitting on the floor of what might be a small airplane hanger. Some straw and a kiddie wading pool have been set up for it. SMELLY is petting it, MOLEBACK has just rolled the apple to it.



SMELLY: “I think they just eat plants and bark.”

Shot continues to pan back, showing FRIENDISH looking on, bemused.

FRIENDISH: “Capybara,,, well I’ll be damned. Got a name yet?”

MOLEBACK: “Herb.”

FRIENDISH: “I kinda see what you’re saying: so ugly that they’re cute.”

MOLEBACK: “World’s largest rodent.”

FRIENDISH: “Well, now that you’ve liberated him, where will Herb go?”

MOLEBACK: “We got contacts in the Amazon. There’re herds of them wild down there, and they’re social animals, so he’ll be fine.”

KLAUSTINA shuffles in, looking like death warmed over: frizzy hair, frumpled pajamas.

FRIENDISH: “Hey, Kay.”

KLAUSTINA grunts, shuffles by HERB and scratches him between the ears, moves by MOLEBACK. They both hold out hands, and fingers glide as she passes, moving off camera into another room.

KLAUSTINA (off screen): “There’d *better* be coffee.”

MOLEBACK: “I just made some.”

Sound of refrigerator opening.

KLAUSTINA (off screen): “Hey, which one of you vicious harpies drank all my carob soy milk!??”

Cut to MOLEBACK, quickly grabbing her coffee cup and downing the evidence. Looks around innocent and angelic.

MOLEBACK: “You can use some of my rice milk; it’s on the door.”

KLAUSTINA (off screen): “Bleh!” Sound of cupboards being opened. “Is there anything to eat besides these matzos? They’re so stale they were probably leftovers from the Last Supper.”

TRASH: “Smelly and I are going shopping later, plus Tree’s out in the garden right now.”

MOLEBACK: “Dawn called. Fox and her friends got in earlier this morning. I gather they had a mishap along the way, but it didn’t directly affect them.”

KLAUSTINA (off screen): “But everything’s okay, right?” (shuffles back in): “Fox is okay, and that *mishap* doesn’t affect *us*?”

MOLEBACK: “I guess. Somebody got killed, but it was a man, and no connection to us anyway. I was in the shower when Dawn called and she spoke to Trash.”

TRASH: “Yeah, she didn’t really seem all that concerned about it. Said it was over an unrelated computer matter.”

KLAUSTINA: “I’ll call her when I wake up. Besides, I wanna talk to Chubbs.”

FRIENDISH (amusedly): “Chubbs?”

KLAUSTINA (laughs): “Yeah.”

FRIENDISH: “’Scuze me for intruding, but does Chubbs ride a Harley?”

KLAUSTINA: “Yeah!”

FRIENDISH: “I know 2 dudes named Chubbs, actually. One is a short blonde barbarian biker that kinda looks like a fat hamster; other’s a Canadian compugeek. Both ride Harleys.”

KLAUSTINA: “You know what’s funny: I know two Chubbs’s too, and you just described both of them.”

FRIENDISH: “Small world. So is this bikermouse, or moseheadhead?”

KLAUSTINA: “The laptop jockey. That’s cool that you know him. Both, actually.”

FRIENDISH: “Yeah, he’s a good dude. Bought software from him before. Hell, you probably have, too.”

MOLEBACK: “We’re denying that!”

KLAUSTINA: “You didn’t hear us say *anything* about that.”

FRIENDISH: “Hey, it’s all happy.”

KLAUSTINA: “Well, I’m gonna be talking to him in a little while, want to say hi to him?”

FRIENDISH: “Actually, *no*. I want nobody to know where I am right now. But the person I *do* want you to introduce me to is your man Klaus.”

Quick cut to MOLEBACK’s nose wrinkling.

KLAUSTINA (pining): “*Ohh, Klaus...* Yes, he’s supposed to call me tonight some time. I had already asked him if he could get cleaner copies, but he said that was all he had. He didn’t even know what they were, really.”

FRIENDISH: “That’s the thing: he *didn’t* know what he had. Let’s just say that Klaus scored a coup by landing you those particular pics. I might be able to find the originals for you, but I need to talk to Klaus first.”

MOLEBACK: “Well, that would be wonderful. So you looked over those pictures then?”

FRIENDISH: “On the drive from Sky Harbor. I’m almost positive what you got is most, if not all, of the missing Yale pages. Does that mean anything to you?”

MOLEBACK: “Well, the Yale book’s common knowledge; hell by definition I could drive to Yale University and look at it. I didn’t know anything was missing from it.”

FRIENDISH: “What’s in Yale is common knowledge, but these pages were suppressed long before Wilfred Voynich found the book at that Jesuit monetary. Possibly before Kircher received it in 1666, even. These are important.”

KLAUSTINA: “Obviously, if they have the plants we need.”

FRIENDISH (cracks a smile): “Well, ladies, this seems to work out to our mutual advantage. I’m in dervish mode, and am wondering if I’m even welcome in this whole hemisphere. I’ll make a deal with you: fly me to Germany, let me dig around, and if I can find the original pages, or at least cleaner copies, I’ll *give* ’em to ya.”

MOLEBACK looks at KLAUSTINA, both shrug and nod.

MOLEBACK: “That works.”

FRIENDISH: “Now, I’m hot right now, can you get me out without a passport?”

MOLEBACK: “We can print up something for you.”

FRIENDISH: “And some starting cash.”

MOLEBACK: “Had a hunch that was coming.”

KLAUSTINA (to MOLEBACK): “Women’s intuition?”

MOLEBACK (to FRIENDISH): “How about a thousand to start? Understand, I’m not being stingy, we just don’t want quantity circulating.”

FRIENDISH: “Hey, whatever you can float me. Euros, too.”

KLAUSTINA: “Oh, good point. I’ll call the loft and tell them to change plates, and get right on it.”

MOLEBACK: “Klaus is usually in the company of our German sisters, the Vegetarian Volksfrei. And they are very Voynich-savvy, so I’m sure they’d be happy to help.”

FRIENDISH: “Thanks, but again, try and keep me low key. There may be people in Europe after my ass, too.”

KLAUSTINA: “I am starving. Ooh! Is that an apple?”

30)

Cut to: Photocopy of Kircher Voynich Manuscript translation: picture of apple, with capybara-like creature next to it. Paragraphs of script underneath. Shot pans back to show the book is open on WILSON’s chest. He is asleep. Light is on. Very faintly from the other room, buzzing of the BEELZEBUG.

Sound of front door unlocking, whining open, closing. Footsteps.

OFFICER FRIST: “Hello?”

WILSON starts awake.

OFFICER FRIST (pokes his head through the door): “Oh, hey, Will. Fall asleep reading?”

WILSON (still disoriented): “I dreamed in Voynich.”

OFFICER FRIST: “Oh?”

WILSON: “Yeah, I was outside somewhere, and the plants were all Voynich plants. They looked creepy. And all the signs and writing, was Voynich.”

OFFICER FRIST: “From your tone, it doesn’t sound fun.”

WILSON: “What time is it?” Turns to look at the clock on the bed, next to the phone. 8:05

OFFICER FRIST: “Well, if you’re still waking up, how about I run up the street and get some Dunkin’ D for us. My treat. That’ll give you enough time to wake up and get your books in a row.”

WILSON (to himself): “Get that dream out of my head...”

OFFICER FRIST: “Okay, I’ll be back.” Starts to exit, but stops to duck as he is dive-bombed by the BEELZEBUG. He swats, misses. “You still have flies in here.”

WILSON: “Just the one.” His head cocks as he tracks its path across the room. “I’ve named him, too. The Beelzebug. Satan in the form of a fly.”

OFFICER FRIST smiles with polite condescension, and makes good his escape.

WILSON looks around aimlessly, then picks up the Voynich book. Stares at it a moment, then puts it aside. Reaches down beside bed, and pulls out his notebook; the clipboard with the Admiral's phone number is inside. WILSON picks up Nimbus's phone and dials.

31)

Cut to: ADMIRAL's office. SECRETARY, wearing a phone headset, is behind a desk. ADMIRAL and COMMODORE are leaving, thick briefs under their arms.

SECRETARY: "Admiral [name]'s office...." The ADMIRAL glances her way as COMMODORE gets the door. "I'm sorry, detective, the Admiral is just leaving for a meeting."

ADMIRAL's ears perk at 'detective' and he quickly walks over, nodding. He holds up a single finger to COMMODORE.

SECRETARY: "Actually, the Admiral will speak to you; please hold." Presses two buttons and then picks up a traditional hand-held phone, hands receiver to ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL: "Detective Wilson! ...Yes it is, actually, but I'm glad you called. I don't suppose you've solved the case? ...Ah, well give it time. I suppose you are calling then with more questions about Voynich?"

Quick cut to COMMODORE's eyes reacting.

ADMIRAL: "Yes, yes, I'm sure you do. The more you learn, the less you understand. Fascinating subject, isn't it? But like I said, I have to be in a meeting in ten minutes." Looks at SECRETARY "What time is lunch?"

SECRETARY (consults something on her desk): "TBA."

ADMIRAL: "*Oh*, that's right. *Marvin*." [to phone] "Well, when I get the chance, how about I call you? ...Fine, leave your number with my secretary... ..Okay, bye." Hands phone to SECRETARY.

Turns and gets door for COMMODORE.

ADMIRAL: "Sorry about that."

COMMODORE: "Detective? Hope you're not in trouble or being investigated."

ADMIRAL: "No, no. Actually, I'm helping a detective on a homicide. It's kind of interesting. Do you remember the Voynich Manuscript?"

COMMODORE: "*Uh*, yeah. Or at least what you've told me of it on occasion."

ADMIRAL: "Well, there's a murder in Pennsylvania, and someone wrote letters in blood that look like Voynich."

COMMODORE: "*Huh*. And the NSA is okay with your helping?"

ADMIRAL: “All I did was identify the writing. It’s not like this is classified or anything.”

COMMODORE: “Who was murdered?”

ADMIRAL: “*Uh*, some guy named MacLeod.”

COMMODORE: “One of ours?”

ADMIRAL: “No idea; never heard of him.”

They reach an elevator. A man in a WHEELCHAIR is waiting.

ADMIRAL: “Hi, Stan.”

WHEELCHAIR: “Admiral, Commodore. You’re about due for your meeting with Marvin, right.” Sees the pained look on their faces. “Good luck.”

Elevator *pings*; it is empty. WHEELCHAIR zips in, does a sharp 180, and jabs a button. ADMIRAL and COMMODORE follow, and press a button. Sound of doors closing behind camera. Elevator noise of descent.

WHEELCHAIR: “Last time I briefed Marvin, it took 2 hours.”

ADMIRAL: “Wow, how’d you get off so light?”

WHEELCHAIR: “I carefully avoided content.”

COMMODORE and ADMIRAL look at each other, impressed.

ADMIRAL: “Nice”

COMMODORE: “Yeah, that’s a good one.”

ADMIRAL (to WHEELCHAIR): “Unfortunately, that’s not an option: we have to *explain* Australia to him.”

COMMODORE: “Depending how this goes, if I’m lucky, I’ll have to spend a week in Alice Springs with Marvin.”

WHEELCHAIR: “Ouch. And if you’re *not* lucky?”

COMMODORE: “Probably a *month*.”

Elevator *pings*, jilts to simulate stop.

WHEELCHAIR: “Can Marvin even find Australia on a map?”

ADMIRAL: “You’d be surprised: Marvin has his moments.”

Sound of door opening.

WHEELCHAIR: “Yeah, Maalox moments.” Wheels himself out.

Sound of doors closing.

ADMIRAL: “Actually, *do* you think Marvin could find Australia on a map?”

Sound of elevator descending.

COMMODORE: “You never finished what you were saying about that homicide.”

ADMIRAL: “Oh, right. Well, they found something that looks like Voynich script, written in this guy’s blood. I guess the detective was wondering if it said ‘helter skelter’ in Voynich.”

COMMODORE: “Did it?”

ADMIRAL: “*Uh*, we can’t read Voynich. Remember?”

Elevator *pings*.

COMMODORE: “Oh, sorry. Right. Stupid question. My IQ’s dropping; we must be getting near Marvin.”

Sound of door opening. Camera pans back first, showing a different corridor. ADMIRAL and COMMODORE walk out, following the camera.

COMMODORE: “So what’s your take on the case?”

ADMIRAL: “I think Marvin should take a flying...”

COMMODORE: “No, I mean the murder.”

ADMIRAL: “Oh. I don’t know. Probably some nut job into the occult. (*laughs*) After all, who the hell else would write in *Voynich*?”

COMMODORE smiles. They turn off at a side corridor.

ADMIRAL: “Actually, you haven’t heard anything about anyone cracking Voynich, have you? Recently?”

COMMODORE: “Nooooo. But I’d think you’d know more than I would.”

ADMIRAL: “I’ll ask around.”

COMMODORE: “Word probably would have gotten around already, don’t you think?”

ADMIRAL: “Ah, shit...”

Their pace slows down, but camera continues on.

The low incoherent drone of MARVIN fades in, growing louder as camera moves closer.

COMMODORE: “Yeah, this looks *bad*.”

Camera continues to pan back, past a harried young man (NORTON), dressed like a Blues Brother w/o hat & sunglasses. He is leaning against the wall, looking at the ceiling in despair.

NORTON: “I don’t want to go in there.”

Camera now passes by SENATOR, sharply dressed but looking equally despondent.

Camera passes by open door, from which rants come.

MARVIN [off screen, sounding like Simpson’s Comic Book Guy]: “...specifically asked for a *large* chair, and this is not a large chair. I am especially upset with this complementary gift coaster of yours; it is not wide enough to encompass my cup. Which brings us to the *next* item: worst... latté... *ever!*” [etc. – ad-lib rant continuously through scene]

Camera stops when it has just passed the door. COMMODORE and ADMIRAL reach NORTON and SENATOR, and stop.

ADMIRAL: “Agent Norton, Senator Halsey,”

COMMODORE: “Who’s he in there with?”

SENATOR: “Nobody important. Janitor, I think.”

MARVIN [off screen]: “I shall register my disgust with you on the NSA intranet!”

COMMODORE (looks at watch): “Actually, we got a couple minutes, I’ll be right back.”

ADMIRAL: “You jumping ship, Commodore? I’m not going in there alone.”

NORTON: “Yeah, there are strength in numbers.”

COMMODORE: “I’ll be *right* back.”

ADMIRAL: “You have 4 minutes. If you’re not back and I start this alone, I will explain things in such a way that you get a year with Marvin at Alice’s Café.”

COMMODORE: “I just gotta take care of this.” Holds up 4 fingers and runs down corridor. Camera quickly pans to catch up. COMMODORE turns another corridor, quickly finds out of way place that has 3 privacy booths. Camera pans to side, showing them from the front. Left booth has woman in it, talking on her cell phone. Right booth has black blind pulled, and sign: ‘out of order’. Middle is empty; COMMODORE walks in and shuts door. Mute all hall noise on soundtrack: only sounds are in the booth [COMMODORE’s breathing from the quick jog, etc.] Through top window, we see him pull out his wallet and dig out a card. Sound of cell phone dialing. 5 *rings*.

SINISTER VOICE [same as Scene 16/CONVEX conversation]: “Commodore! What can I do for you?”

COMMODORE: “I’ll keep this brief, I have a meeting with Marvin.”

SINISTER VOICE: “Oh, I’m sorry. [imitation of Marvin’s voice] ‘worst... meeting... *ever!*’!”

COMMODORE: “You told me that if anyone ever mentioned Voynich, I should give you a call. Well, I’m calling. Don’t know if you know this already, but you got a spill. Apparently there’s a murder scene in Pennsylvania that has Voynich at it. The investigating detective talked to Admiral [name] about it.”

SINISTER VOICE: “Aw shit. I know we have spills, some even with fatalities, but none are in Pennsylvania. What did the Admiral say?”

COMMODORE: “I haven’t had a chance to really pump him, yet, but I gather he thinks it’s a hoax.”

SINISTER VOICE: “What, the murder writing, or Voynich itself?”

COMMODORE: “Both, I think.”

SINISTER VOICE: “That’s good. What about the detective?”

COMMODORE: “No idea.”

SINISTER VOICE: “You said Pennsylvania, right?”

COMMODORE: “Yeah. Victim’s name was, uh, MacLeod.”

SINISTER VOICE: “Never heard of him... Aw, shit. MacLeod... Nimbus... *shit.*”

COMMODORE: “So this all means something to you then?”

SINISTER VOICE: “Yeah, it does. Thanks for calling. I’ll deposit some flax into your account.”

COMMODORE: “Greatly appreciated. We traditionally go out for post-Marvin cocktails, so I can sniff around more then.”

In the right booth, the black curtain pulls back, and CAPTAIN QUICKIE looks out.

SINISTER VOICE: “Do that, and more flax might be coming your way.”

Right booth opens, CAPTAIN QUICKIE walks out, followed by MAGGIE. CAPTAIN QUICKIE exits stage right. MAGGIE pauses to remove the ‘out of order’ sign.

COMMODORE: “Not a problem. Anyway, you have a spill to mop up, and I have Marvin to, uh...”

SINISTER VOICE: “Mop up. Don’t forget to pack a bib if you go to Australia with him.”

COMMODORE: “Thanks for that vote of confidence.” Hangs up.

COMMODORE exits booth. Sounds of hallway resume. Sees MAGGIE, quickly straightening her dress.

COMMODORE: “Maggie! Fancy meeting you here.” Winks at her, and runs off the way he came.

Camera follows MAGGIE, heading in the other direction. MAGGIE turns a corner, but camera continues straight through short hall until it opens up to a huge Amphitheater-sized room. [matte painting or cgi is fine for this] Room is patterned after the ‘Ministry of Information’ foyer in the movie ‘Brazil’. Camera enters from the second floor balcony and homes in on the sign “Ministry of Information”. Closes in so that just the word ‘Information’ is on screen.

32)

Cut to: identical sign reading 'Information' Camera pans back to show that it is hanging above the information desk at the campus library. SABRINA comes into shot, sitting at the help desk. She is in her 40s, has graying hair ponytailed, and oversized wire-rimmed glasses. An anthropomorphic skunk is tattooed on her shoulder. She looks harried, but smiles helpfully and hopefully.

SABRINA: "Can I help who's next?"

Cut to counter. A hardback copy of Atlas Shrugged slams down.

BOOKNURD (off screen, *extremely* whiney): "I can't read this Ann Rand novel. The pages are stuck together!"

Cut to SABRINA, looking at him with a mixture of sympathy and contempt.

SABRINA: "Awww, well that's too bad." She slides the book over. "We'll just have to order a fresh copy of it, but that'll take a couple of days. Let me see if we have another copy." Typing. "*Ohhh*, checked out. Since the beginning of the semester, actually, it's been overdue since then."

BOOKNURD: "Well how my gonna read it then?" [Shot shows MUFON is standing impatiently in the background.]

SABRINA: "I'll put Claude on the job; he likes shaking down late fees." Behind her, CLAUDE looks over his shoulder and fussily wrinkles his nose at her. "Give me your card, and I'll put you at the top of the hold list for both the new one and the overdue. We'll see which one you get first."

BOOKNURD had been about to hand over his library card, but talk of shaking down late fees scared him.

BOOKNURD: "Naw, that's okay." Quickly shuffles off.

SABRINA puts the book in a bin, and smiles expectantly at MUFON.

MUFON walks up, quickly and nervously.

MUFON: "Hi, I didn't see a computer lab on your map up front, do you have one. With Internet access?"

SABRINA: "Wow, easiest question all day. Sure we do. It's all the way in the back, and in a left alcove. We keep having to juggle it because of our budget, which is why it's not on the map."

MUFON: "So back and to the left?"

SABRINA: "Yeah, you need a student id or a library card, though."

MUFON: "*Oof!* I forgot mine. Can I just check my email? I gotta see if my lab partner wrote her half of a paper on teeth."

SABRINA: "Well, okay." Takes a piece of construction paper with the word 'pass' written in military block letters.

Quick cut of SABRINA stamping it, leaving a blurry ink skunk.

SABRINA (handing him the pass): “Here. Just no porn surfing.”

MUFON: “Yes, ma’am.” Smiles.

SABRINA (slightly flirtatious): “And don’t make me come *shush* you.”

MUFON turns and walks off. Behind him, **FAT BLACK RAPPER** bustles up to the desk.

FAT BLACK RAPPER (loud, gesticulating with bravado): “Yo, I need the phone book for *Atsugi, Japan*.”

MUFON hears this, turns around to look, and chuckles at the sight. Camera follows him as he heads off; he cuts behind some bookshelves and follows the wall towards the back.

MUFON slides his black hat around backwards.

MUFON: (low, to himself): “Yo, I’d like to dedicate this one out to all my homies in *Atsugi Japan!*” Starts making drum/bass/rap noises, and quickly starts laughing. This turns into a coughing fit that brings him to a complete stop, doubled over. Ends with a dry heave. Shakes his head, looks up, clammy. No one is looking at him. Makes his way to the end, and turns into the left wing of the library. Spots a water fountain, and grabs a quick drink.

Cut to: fountain basin, water swirling around the drain. MUFON spits into it, slushy with hint of blood. Water stops pouring in, sounds of gulping, as the unhealthy gummy stuff gets caught over the drain holes: it is too large to go down.

Cut to MUFON, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, and then heading into the wing. He quickly spots an alcove with computers in it.

Cut to computer alcove interior. MUFON enters, looks around. **GLADYS** is helping **PRINTING PRINCESS**, pointing at the screen. A couple other students are present, immersed in surfing. MUFON heads toward the back corner.

GLADYS: “I need an i.d. or a card, please”

MUFON holds out the pass and hands it to her as he passes; she reaches to accept it, sees the skunk, and smiles. Returns to helping **PRINTING PRINCESS**.

Cut to MUFON’s screen. Browser id on a university-type home page. Typing; he changes it to junkmail.net

Close-up of field, typing in real time:

User name: muffin_man

Cut to MUFON peering at screen. Sound of 23 keystrokes, punctuated after a pause by a final one.

Cut to screen:

Inbox: 919 messages

Riggs	re:
tawny	barely legal wet teen prawn
sindy	barely legal wet teen prawn

stacy-x [barely legal wet teen prawn](#)
Team Bort [Do you like Spicy Bort?](#)
Polaris [Mufon, does your Nimbus friend itch?](#)
grateful [burn cds, dvds, for free!](#)

[etc.]

MUFON looks them over, then clicks on the top one.

MUFON minimizes the window. Opens up the one from 'Riggs':

Dude,. You fucked up. MIB already talked to Streiber, something about you being wanted for murder, or at least in connection with some dead MIB. Streiber disowned you. You're on your own.

But if it's any consolation, I believe you. r.p.r.t. Look me up when this shit blows over. Good luck;Maybe you should just go home to Florida?

-Riggatoni

Mufon closes the window. After a moment, he opens the purple one from Polaris.

Cut to message:

Dear Robert Mufon

We hope this email finds you, as our records are not up to date.

Does your nimbus friend itch, or do you miss your nimbus friend itch-ing? Please let us know if you have information on either of these conditions. Our flax salve might be the answer. We even have photographic proof of this that might be just what you're looking for. Or not. Contact us today, and we can arrange a demonstration with one of our sales representatives. Just understand that curing the cause may not eliminate the symptoms.

Polaris Enterprises
P.O. Box 51
Groom Lake, NV

MUFON notices at the side of the screen, the scroll bar is there, and there is much more to the message. He drags it with his mouse, causing a long blank message to appear, until he gets to the bottom.

This email is not spam. This email was sent to you because we know mutual people, and are concerned about them. If you are concerned about your future, and do not wish to receive further emails in it, please reply to this with the subject 'opt out'

MUFON hits reply; new mail opens. He sees the address is polaris_enterprises@junkmail He deletes the subject.

Cut to close-up of the subject line, real time typing.

opt in

Cut to MUFON looking at the screen, typing. This is about 10 seconds. He pauses to reread what he has written.

Cut to screen: 'send' button close-up. Bolds and bevels.

Cut to button: 'log out' Bolds and bevels.

MUFON gets up and leaves.

Cut to MUFON walking back into the lobby. In the background, SABRINA is dealing with PROFESSOR TWEED.

PROFESSOR TWEED: "No, that's Dickens with 2 k's, the well-known Dutch author."

MUFON reaches the library's enormous double-doors, and looks out, surveying the situation. Decides it is safe, and leaves.

Cut to MUFON walking out of library. Several students are standing around. MUFON approaches one who is smoking.

MUFON: "Hey, can I pooch a cigarette off ya?"

SMOKER: "Menthol okay?"

MUFON: "I just need the nicotine, so I'd be happy with what ya give me."

SMOKER quickly pulls out a pack, and hands one to MUFON.

SMOKER: "Need a light?"

MUFON pulls out a Circle K book of matches.

MUFON: "I got it." Lights one and puffs cig. "Fire's a good thing to have handy. Thanks."

Quickly walks away. Down the steps he passes FAT BLACK RAPPER on a cell phone.

FAT BLACK RAPPER [in flawless Japanese]: "Tanaka is not the sports dynamo I had hoped, for he commits too many errors during the games. We would still be interested in your young boy Kobiashi, however... ..yes, he is brilliant at hockey, and smart enough that a scholarship would be a believable cover..." [etc.]

MUFON sees this, and breaks into a big grin. Quickly walks down steps, to get out of the open. Jogs quickly away from the quad, and crosses the street.

MUFON [faint rapping to himself]: "...send a ninja nigga ova to Osaka, stick a katana up yo' ass,, got my posse in Atsugi, get all Bruce Lee on yo' ass..." [etc.]

Singing morphs with classical violins, growing increasingly loud: up the street, a blue Ford Escort is coming. Behind the wheel is the AUTHOR, riding shotgun is SEAN. The windows are rolled down, and Beethoven's Third Symphony is blasting top volume. Camera pans to follow car as it cruises by, oblivious.

33)

Cut to: entrance to Neutral Ground. Same Beethoven is playing, subdued in volume. At the coat check, there is a sign saying “NO WEAPONS, NO SHOP TALK, NO CREDIT, NO EXCEPTIONS.” Two people looking like MULDER and SCULLY from the X-Files are handing their guns over to a clerk dressed like CHE GUEVARA. A bouncer dressed like OSAMA BIN LADEN sits on a stool to the side with an AK-74 across his lap.

ADMIRAL, COMMODORE, SENATOR, and NORTON walk in. OSAMA sees them and nods. They proceed straight through an arched metal detector next to OSAMA, and enter the club proper. Camera pans to show club Neutral Ground. Dimly lit, full of mostly older men in some type of uniform or smart suit. More than a few have bodyguards with sunglasses and earmics standing by silently.

They stop and scan for an open table; NORTON spots one and points. Nods of agreement, and the four head down to it. They sit around the table.

NORTON: “I did the least amount of talking, so I guess first round’s on me?”

ADMIRAL: “Yeah, get a Fosters for the Commodore.”

COMMODORE: “Fuck you, Admiral.”

ADMIRAL: “Hey, salute when you say that, sailor, or I’ll have you up on charges of insubordination!”

Laughter.

CRONIE creeps up to the table

CRONIE (unctuously): “Senator Halsey! So glad to run into you.” Holds hand out to shake.

SENATOR (with obvious loathing): “Uriah.” They begin low volume smalltalk.

NORTON (looks around for service, sees none; raises hand gaily): “Oh, cabana boy?!?”

Cut to WAITRESS, holding a tray of drinks. She is dressed like Patty Hearst in her SLA days, complete with toy machine gun.

WAITRESS: “Here you go, and I’ll just take these” Clears away empties; it is obvious some time has passed. They are tipsy but by no means drunk. The SENATOR is gone, and COMMODORE and NORTON are talking about the history of computers. ADMIRAL is looking around, and sees OSS vet in wheelchair and army uniform, sitting at a table with several other people.

ADMIRAL frowns, then gets up and goes over with his drink.

ADMIRAL: “Excuse me, it’s Captain Sherman, right?”

Cut to OSS’s wheelchair p.o.v. looking up at ADMIRAL. Shot pans to name badge, then to rank, then to face.

OSS: “Admiral [name]. Of course, I think remember meeting you a few birthdays ago.” [ADMIRAL nods encouragingly] “How are you?” Holds hand out to shake, he does so vigorously.

ADMIRAL: “I’m fine. How are you doing?”

OSS: “*Oh*, I’m doing great. Still up and about every day. Hell, I wouldn’t need this” taps wheelchair with an artificial hand “if it wasn’t for this” taps artificial leg. “But at least it got me this,” taps his chest.

Close-up of chest adornments, they include a purple heart and a bronze star.

ADMIRAL: “Yes sir, you and your OSS men did your country proud.”

OSS: “Damn right we did. Son, World War 2 wasn’t won on the battle field, it was won in the code rooms, ’cuz that’s how we knew what to do on the battlefields.”

ADMIRAL: “Yes sir, absolutely.”

OSS: “You’re, uh,, I forget: you’re Naval intelligence or NSA?”

ADMIRAL: “I was with Naval Intelligence when we first met; I’m with the NSA now.”

OSS (smiles): “Then I’m sure you can appreciate what I was just saying.”

ADMIRAL: “You dealt with codes, right?”

OSS: “The OSS did, but not myself. 20 at the time I signed up, on December 9, 1941. Woulda done the 8th, but I wanted to take a day and get my affairs in order before going out to kick some Jap ass. Yeah, I was keen to get back at that sneak attack by Japus Iscariot, but they sent me to Europe, instead. I started off as Wild Bill Donovan’s chauffeur.”

ADMIRAL: “You ever heard of the Voynich Manuscript?”

OSS (at first puzzled, then remembers): “That book up in Yale?”

ADMIRAL: “Yes, sir.”

OSS: “Yeah, I remember that. Back Stateside, some of our boys took a crack at it in their spare time. We had a bet going on with Navy Intelligence on who could break it first. Don’t suppose either side’s done it yet?”

ADMIRAL: “Not to my knowledge. Did you know any of the people working on it?”

OSS: “In the OSS, or in civilian?”

ADMIRAL: “Either.”

OSS: “Well, the one I remember most was civilian, some Slavic Count I met. This was just before the war ended; we’d liberated Bavaria. Donovan had dinner with him. Lugosovich. My god that man was an ass. He strikes me as typical of most Voynich researchers outside of academic hacks. I assume you mean *real* attempts to crack it?”

ADMIRAL: “Yes, sir.”

OSS: “Well, I guess you could say I served with them but didn’t know them. Naw, they were all Stateside, so we just knew *about* ’em. *Oh*, but one of them got rotated out in ’44 or so. I remember him talking about the Voynich book. He tried to get me interested in it, but there was a war on and all.”

ADMIRAL: “What’d he say about it?”

OSS: “Oh, I don’t know; I don’t remember. It was interesting, but it didn’t seem important. It was written long before the war, and had nothing to do with it. Why?”

ADMIRAL: “I once heard a story that during the war, the OSS found a cache of Nazi documents, and one of them was written in Voynich, or at least that’s what our man thought it was, but they were destroyed in a bombing raid, so no one ever got a chance to know for sure.”

In the background, CAPTAIN QUICKIE and WAITRESS can be seen coming out of the restroom; WAITRESS’s beret is askew, her hair is massively mussed.

OSS: “That would be him, then... what was his name? Lee? Can’t recall if that was his first name or last. Anyway he was killed in a bombing raid in Italy. Some type of monastery Mussolini’s men had appropriated. We sneaked Lee in one weekend to look around. He radioed back that there was a bunch of things in Italian or Latin which he got pics of, but I guess there was this codebook written in some unknown cipher that was too long to take shots of quickly. Someone up high sent him back in to microfilm that, too, but he never got it out; RAF bombed the snot out of it the night he tried. We hadn’t told them he was there; that’s how secret his mission was.”

ADMIRAL: “Friendly fire; that’s a shame. But he thought it was Voynich?”

OSS: “I can’t remember what he said. Most likely someone knew he was on the unofficial Voynich team at the Pentagon, and got confused. Doesn’t matter: the book’s destroyed.”

ADMIRAL (aside): “Was it?”

OSS: “Sorry?”

ADMIRAL: “That would be weird if the Nazis used Voynich.”

OSS: “Well, I don’t know if they did, but it’s not implausible. They could take the Voynich alphabet and use that as a cipher for the German alphabet. It wouldn’t be ‘true’ Voynich, or whatever language that Yale book was written in, but it would make a good cipher code. Just tell someone who you want to read it what letters are what. Hey, why am I telling you?”

ADMIRAL: “Do you think the Nazis might have done that?”

OSS: “Doubt it. They generally stuck with that enigma permutation cipher.”

ADMIRAL: “Do you think *anyone* might have done that? Historically?”

OSS: “I have no idea. It would make a neat cipher. And hard to crack, unless you knew what alphabet it went into and the order of the letters. Kind of like that Yale book, eh?”

ADMIRAL: “That’s always been one of the big questions about the Voynich Manuscript: is that a language, or a code, or both?”

OSS: “I don’t know, Admiral, and I don’t think any answers will be coming in what’s left of my lifetime, so I try to not think about them things. I got more important things to think about.” He picks up a teacup, and sips it back. “And right now, I think I can afford myself one more drink.” Raises artificial hand gaily. “Oh, cabana boy!?”

COMMODORE (appears out of nowhere): “Actually, I’m on my way over to the bar, so can I get you two something while I’m up?”

ADMIRAL sees COMMODORE, nods. OSS does the same face/rank/name look. Nametag says “Vic XX”

OSS: “Commodore.”

COMMODORE: “Captain Sherman, always a pleasure to see you grace Neutral Territory.”

OSS: “Each visit might be my last, right? Naw, I’m a Taurus. We’re stubborn.”

COMMODORE: “What can I get you?”

OSS: “My usual is cambric tea. I picked up a taste for it in Wales.”

COMMODORE (amusedly): “*Did* you, now...” He looks at ADMIRAL expectantly.

ADMIRAL: “Actually, I should probably get going; I still have some work to do. And I should call that homicide detective. *Oh!* I just had a fascinating talk with Captain Sherman about the Voynich Manuscript.”

COMMODORE (un-amusedly): “*Did* you now...”

ADMIRAL: “Yeah,” leans over to shake OSS’s hand. “Captain.” Gets up, slaps COMMODORE on shoulder. “Commodore, have a happy holiday downunder. If I don’t see you before you leave, please get me a didgeridoo.”

COMMODORE: “I will, and if *you* don’t do the next mission with Marvin, I will shove it up your bunghole and blow taps on it.”

ADMIRAL: “Bunghole?”

COMMODORE: “Sorry; just getting in character for the Outback.”

ADMIRAL (turns and leaves): “Well, g’day, mate.”

COMMODORE (snaps to attention and salutes): “Fuck you, Admiral.”

ADMIRAL (walking away with out looking): “You’d better be saluting.”

COMMODORE turns to OSS.

COMMODORE: “Cambric tea. Sugar?”

OSS: “2 lumps on the side. I like to watch them dissolve. And a cap-full of vanilla. They know how I like it; I’m a regular here. I was probably drinking it here while you were still bouncing around in yer dad’s ballsack.”

COMMODORE: “Then I’m sure it’s quite good. I’ll go get you one, and then I’d like to talk.”

OSS: “It’s why I come here, Commodore. People love to pump me for old war stories, and since I’m so senile, I never tell ’em the same way twice.”

COMMODORE: “Let me get your drink.” (starts to leave)

OSS: “I’ll be here, unless some 80 year old groupies come by and drag me back to their hotel room.”

COMMODORE: “I’m sure.”

OSS: “That actually happened once.”

COMMODORE stops, partial turn.

OSS: “Yeah, V-E Day. Me an’ one other OSS man got dragged off by three 80-year old groupies.”

COMMODORE: “Oh yeah? Well, I’m sure they were good-looking 80 years ago.”

OSS: “No, they were 80 years old *at the time!* Christ, they’d be like 140 or 150 now.”

COMMODORE: “You mean to say you got it on with a...”

OSS: “She had 5 bottles of schnapps, enough for each of us. Besides, I was after her granddaughter, or great granddaughter, or whatever she was. She was *tasty*. But no luck; I think she was gay. Vegetarian, too. Lousy artist; had ugly paintings of plants all about her room. *Ah*, she was too young, anyway...”

COMMODORE: “...And you had an 80 year old grandmother and a bottle of schnapps to comfort you.”

OSS laughs.

COMMODORE: “Let me get that tea for you.”

34)

Cut to: generic bag of tea. It is on a counter at the coffee station of a 7-11 store [different from Scene 2 etc.] MUFON looks at the coffee, and then at the CLERK. CLERK ignores him, instead reading a Weekly World News-type rag [cover is an Elvis crop circle, ‘The King of all Crop Circles!?!’]

MUFON goes over to the CLERK.

MUFON: “Hey, if you brew up a fresh pot of coffee, I’ll buy the whole thing off of ya.”

CLERK shrugs, gets up, and ambles over to the coffee machine. While he is busy setting up a fresh brew, MUFON swipes 4 packs of different cigarettes, and stashes them in his pants.

Cut to MUFON leaving the store with 2 big-gulp type cups. Heads behind building, and follows alley away, sipping his coffee.

Cut to MUFON, arriving at Alana’s house. He sits down and leans against the door. One of the Big Gulps is 1/3 empty. He pulls out a pilfered pack of smokes, and lights up.

Close-up of MUFON, inhaling; puts cigarette down out of view. When he raises it up again, it is at it's last dregs. Takes a final puff, and tosses it aside. Camera pans to show it land among 8 others amid an overturned Big Gulp cup. It is dark now. Headlights shine on the scene. Sound of car pulling up.

Cut to ALANA getting out of her car. She leaves the lights on.

ALANA: "Oh, *there* you are! We were wondering what happened to you."

MUFON: "I left my keys here. I couldn't get into my place."

ALANA: "Oh my god. What did you do?"

MUFON: "Took a bus here."

ALANA: "Why didn't you just go to the landlord. Or Kim's? We thought you'd show up."

MUFON: "Oh, I figured I should let you two enjoy Fantasy Island by yourselves."

ALANA: "*Destiny* Island. But tonight's episode was called Fantasia Isle."

MUFON: "You left your lights on."

ALANA: "They turn off. So how long have you been waiting here?"

MUFON: "Since you weren't here with me, entirely too long."

ALANA: "*Ohhh*, that's so sweet." Kisses him on the scalp and opens the door.

Cut to interior; she turns on the lights.

MUFON: "Mind if I check email?"

ALANA: "God, you're addicted to that thing. Go right ahead. But then you'd better pay attention to me."

MUFON goes to the bedroom, and boots up the laptop. The sequence is identical from the opening sequence of this film. MUFON waits patiently.

MUFON: "How'd your paper go?"

ALANA: "Fine, I guess, professor's going to grade them over the weekend. God, he's such a dork. He wears blue tweed." [she begins ad-libbed litany that drones on in the background off-screen] Camera pans to her monitor. MUFON has opened up junkmail and is logging in.

Inbox: 930 messages

eBay	There is a problem with your eBay account
XDR	Canadian medz, delivered to your door
Friendish	I'm alive
Medz	Canadian medz, delivered to your door
Mountie	Canadian slutz, delivered to your door
Polaris	re: opt in
jacuzzi	Free DVD-quality downloads

Toolbelt	re:[6]
Citibank	Account verification
Bowne	re: American spirits
Johnson	more pussy than u can shake your dik at
Viagra Vic	V!@gr@ to your door in 24 hrs!
waiting4U	barely legal wet teen prawn
Sin D.	barely legal wet teen prawn
Jucy Lucy	barely legal wet teen prawn
DCM direct	discount canadian meds
Riggs	re:
tawny	barely legal wet teen prawn
sindy	barely legal wet teen prawn
stacy-x	barely legal wet teen prawn
Team Bort	Do you like *spicy* bort?
Polaris	Mufon, does your Nimbus friend itch?
grateful	burn cds, dvds, for free!

[etc.]

Opens top one from 'Friendish':

Muffin man. I'm laying low, I'm sure you know why. Visit to Nimbus yielded interesting results. Found something in his desk you might like. Care to meet me in Shreveport? I know a good safe house there from previous employment. Reply to this addy if you get this, so I know you're alive.

MUFON minimizes the window. Opens up the " re: opt in ":

Robert,

First, if I was able to find this email account, I wonder if others can, too. Treat all mail you get here with suspicion. You will probably be contacted by someone claiming to be either Friendish or even myself, trying to arrange a physical meeting with you. These are certainly traps that will get you killed.

Cut to MUFON, looking at the minimized mail from "Friendish", then back at the screen.

I don't know where Friendish is. After this long with no word, I'm guessing dead. Likewise Nimbus.

I still have what was looking for. He seemed to think you would find them of interest. He also thought you were legit, and not a sting operation to get me.

The offer is open, but my options are limited. My absence for more than 4 hours would be noticed and questioned. You'd have to come to me to see. No offense, but I'm not going to compromise myself to get these to you—the risks I took with Friendish were more than enough.

If you're interested, we'll work something out.

And for Goddess's sake, get another email account.

Polaris
P.O. Box 51
Groom Lake, NV

On screen enough to read, ALANA's rant ending toward the end.

ALANA [off screen]: "God, are you even listening?"

Cut to MUFON, looking at screen.

MUFON: "Blue tweed."

ALANA: "Yeah, what is *up* with that? I don't think he's washed that thing since he got it back in the Victorian Era..." [rant continues]

MUFON looks pensive, and types a reply.

Close up: 'send' button *clicking*.

MUFON: "Hey, Alana?"

ALANA: "Yeah?"

MUFON: "What are you doing this weekend?"

ALANA: "You." Leans in and kisses him.

MUFON: "But you have no actual plans, though, right?"

ALANA: "Nothing set."

MUFON: "I just got mail from a friend of mine who works for the governor's office. A job opened up in their computer division, and they're hiring for it right now. Since it's a government job, they might go internal, but my friend said if I get to the capital this weekend, he can introduce me to h.r."

ALANA: "Wow. So you want me to like drive you to Atlanta?"

MUFON: "*Oh*, no, I wouldn't subject you to that. I was wondering if I could just borrow your car for the day. Maybe the weekend."

ALANA: "You want to borrow my car?"

MUFON: "It's a sweet job. Pulls in 6 figures. I may not even get it, but I'd kick myself if I didn't try, 'cuz my friend says it's right up my alley."

ALANA: "Wow, that would be cool if you got it, but that's like 2 hours away, isn't it. God, you'd spend half your time commuting."

MUFON: "So can I do it?"

ALANA: “When, tomorrow?”

MUFON: “Yeah.”

ALANA: “How about I just drive you. Tomorrow night Kim and her boyfriend have a date on the fifth floor library with the Oprah Winfrey autobiography, so I’m free.”

MUFON: “Oh, I’d feel bad making you wait. It’s a job with the *government*, so I’m sure I’ll spend tons of time filling out applications paperwork. Hell, they may not even get to me until Sunday. Besides, I don’t think you’d get along with my friend. He’s an acquired taste, and…” he shakes his head at her.

ALANA: “But what if I need my car?”

MUFON: “Borrow Kim’s while she’s at the library. Hey, I’ll be back as soon as I can.”

ALANA: “Well, you promise you won’t steal it?”

MUFON thinks a second, then pulls his keys out his pocket and tosses them on the bed.

MUFON: “Here, you can have my apartment for collateral.”

ALANA: “God, I was joking.” (Picks up keys.) “Hey, I thought you said you lost your keys.”

MUFON: “I found them by the bed. So can I?”

ALANA: “God, I guess.”

MUFON: “Hey, you should be happy. If I can pull in 6 figures, I can be your sugar daddy.”

ALANA: “I already got a sugar daddy. Promise you’ll take care of it?”

MUFON: “Absolutely.”

ALANA: “Do you have any pets I need to feed?”

MUFON: “No.”

ALANA: “How about plants I have to water?”

35)

Cut to Dawn’s Garden, inside a greenhouse. Pots of small, sickly looking Voynich-ish plants are lined in rows. DAWN is filling empty pots with dirt. At the far end of one glass wall are about 20 hydroponic chambers, empty. All are wired to a large box on a table, which itself is hooked to a large pc tower. CHUBBS and FOX sit next to it, open laptops in front of them, backs to the camera. Camera starts at far end, slowly zooming over the plants to home in on FOX, who is reading the pc tower’s screen aloud.

FOX: “If x equals zero, then function 25.”

CHUBBS (reading silently along on his laptop): “Right.”

FOX: “If x plus y is greater than t sub 3, then function 18.”

CHUBBS: “Right”

FOX: “If x plus pH is greater than 5, then function 200.”

CHUBBS: “That should be ‘greater than or equal’ to 5.”

FOX: “Aw, shit, hang on.”

Camera should by now be zoomed in on the tower’s screen; which is lines of mathematical formula/code. She changes the ‘>’ symbol in one equation to a ‘≥’.

FOX: “I betcha that’s the problem: the solution’s too acidic.”

CHUBBS: “Probably, plus why none of the alarm routines kicked in.”

FOX: “Hey, Dawn?”

Quick cut to DAWN, looking up from a pot.

FOX: “We think we found your problem, or at least one of them.”

DAWN: “Wowi zowie!”

FOX (to CHUBBS): “Think we should go through the rest of the code, just to see if there are any other slop-ups?”

CHUBBS: “Well, probably, but I need a break from this.”

FOX: “Agreed. Damn, this is tedious.”

DAWN (overhears): “Yeah, but you know it’s for a good cause, and we all really appreciate it.”

FOX air-kisses her. She stretches in her chair; CHUBBS gets up and heads for a sliding glass door.

Cut to: Dawn’s Kitchen, CHUBBS walking in through sliding glass door. VLT#1 is at the sink washing cucumbers while getting a sensuous shoulder rub from VLT#2. Both of their hands have the bright green nail polish.

CHUBBS watches the two; VLT#1 is clearly enjoying the massage.

CHUBBS: “Looks yummy.”

VLT#2 turns, unclear expression.

CHUBBS: “The cucumber.” Innocent smile. “Never picked up a taste for ’em until Fox turned me on to them a few years ago. Raw with paprika. Yummy stuff.”

VLT#2 nods coyly at him, then returns her attention to VLT#1’s neck.

CHUBBS: “What’s for lunch?”

VLT#1 (holds up one of the cucumbers): “Cuke salad. Dawn made her special dressing earlier. It might even have a dash of paprika in it.”

CHUBBS: “Sounds delish, so I’ll let you two get back to it.”

CHUBBS Goes to refrigerator, searches a moment, then grabs a beer. It is (naturally dyed) green, and the glass bottle has a bizarre, home-made label. *Hiss* as he uncaps.

VLT#2: “Recycling’s sorted in the bags under the table.”

CHUBBS: “Yeah, I saw.” He snaps the cap across the room; it hits the bin perfectly. “Nothin’ but bucket.” Smiles, and walks through a door, into a large, cluttered garage. It is open and exposing the outside driveway.

Cut to: Driveway, which is a double-rut path through tall grass, heading out into tall, thick Australian pines 100 feet away. The Harley and 2 crotch rockets are parked out front. VIXEN is reclined atop of hers, her feet propped up on a radar detector strapped to the handlebars. She is half way through a thin joint.

CHUBBS: “How you doing, girl?”

VIXEN (sounding tired, depressed): “Doin’.” *Pause* “I guess. Trying not to think about things.”

CHUBBS: “Hey, if you want to head back to Halifax, I’m sure everyone would understand and be fine with that.”

VIXEN: “No, I’d rather be helpful, useful. Work will distract me.” Inhales crisply, then holds out the joint to him as he reaches her. “Want any of this?”

CHUBBS (sniffs air): “What is it? Weed, or one of *those* plants?”

VIXEN: “Y’know, I’m not sure, actually. [*puff*] Dawn kicked it down to me. Kinda tastes like bananas and gasoline.”

CHUBBS: “I had some Jamaican bud once that tasted like that. The boat that brought it had a gas leak.” Goes to his bike.

VIXEN: “It’s pretty good shit. Kind of a reverse head-rush: all the blood goes to your clit.”

CHUBBS: “Then it probably won’t do anything for me.” Over his back tire he has 2 leather saddlebags. Opens one and pulls out Mufon’s laptop and a small cd-rom binder.

VIXEN coughs, then motions the cigarette to him encouragingly.

CHUBBS: “No thanks, I’m still working.”

VIXEN: “How’s that coming anyway?” She swishes saliva in her mouth, and then puts the joint out on her pierced tongue.

CHUBBS: “We’re almost done with the hydro; think we fixed it. Still need to do climate control and the sprinklers.”

VIXEN: “Cool; call me when you need me.” Looks up at the sun, eyes closed.

CHUBBS (begins walking back into the garage): “Hon, I *always* need ya.”

VIXEN (all serious): “That’s good to hear, Chubbs.”

He looks over his shoulder, smiles, and disappears into the garage.

Cut to Kitchen; camera pans to show CHUBBS walking through and to the glass door. The sink tap is still running; VLT#1 and #2 are kissing lightly. CHUBBS ignores them and goes back into the greenhouse. Back at the table, he pulls out the power jack from the back of the laptop and plugs it in.

Cut to FOX, squatting next to DAWN amid sickly plants.

FOX: “Whatcha doing?” DAWN begins grooming a plant.

CHUBBS swings the lid on the laptop open, and sets the pen aside. The screen is black.

CHUBBS: “These are decent machines when they actually work, so I figure if we can’t kill the cootie on it, just wipe the slate and start over. I know a locksmith up in Ottawa who can fix the lock, so I should be able to sell it on the Market for enough to keep me in gasoline and cigarettes for at least a year.”

FOX: “You don’t smoke. Do you?”

CHUBBS: “No, but Vixen’s trying to get me to start.” He pushes a button on the keyboard, and there is a *beep*. He turns his attention to the cd binder, and pulls one out of a jacket. Sets it aside by the laptop; it is hand-labeled “Linux 13.0 format”.

While he is doing this, the laptop goes through the following: pixel flash [as at the start of this film] followed by a green progress bar. The text block above and the percentage below are solid, unreadable blocks. The progress bar stops a quarter of the way; error messages [in solid block] begin scrolling along the side as the bar. Another *beep*, and the screen blanks. CHUBBS looks over at the screen briefly; a green text cursor is flashing across the screen (as if someone were holding the ‘space bar’); when it reaches the bottom, it starts again from the top. CHUBBS picks up the Linux format disk, and hits a button on the laptop. The cd tray creaks out. He puts in the disk and starts it up.

DAWN has come up behind him.

DAWN: “I’m getting us some lemonade; would you like some?”

CHUBBS (picks up his beer): “Naw, I’m good. I kinda like this, actually.” Takes a drink for emphasis.

DAWN: “Oh, I’ll be sure to tell Holly. She runs the microbrewery that came from.”

CHUBBS: “One o’ you, I presume?”

DAWN: “Oh yeah. Whole brewery is. Out in Kansas. You’ll notice that it’s a *wheat* beer.”

CHUBBS: “Nice. Never had one before; we don’t get much call for ’em up north: wheat doesn’t grow in the snow.” Looks appreciatively at label. “I was wondering what ‘hefeweizen’ meant...”

DAWN: “Well, Holly’s part German. I think she and Moleback were roommates in college, actually.”

The computer *beeps*. CHUBBS turns to the laptop; DAWN goes to the glass doors.

Cut to screen: **Format aborted at Sector 0**

DAWN (off screen and faint): “Get a room!”

CHUBBS pushes ‘eject’ twice; the cd tray opens and closes. Sound of cd starting, loud grinding, and then *beep*.

Format aborted at Sector 0

CHUBBS looks at this. After a moment, the cursor begins doing it’s space-bar zip. Sips his beer, then hits eject. Tray slides out. CHUBBS holds down the ‘shift’ and ‘Esc’ keys, then presses the cd button. As soon as it is in, the machine *beeps*, and the cd starts spinning madly.

Formatting: Sector 0 0% complete

After a moment, it updates:

Formatting: Sector 1 1% complete

Then to:

Formatting: Sector 2 1% complete

Still holding the shift and escape keys, CHUBBS smiles.

CHUBBS: “Gotcha.” Reaches for his beer with his free hand.

On screen, Mufon’s translation program opens. There is a flash [2 frame length] of Voynich script, then an English sentence replaces it:

Do not format the drive. All information will be permanently lost and unrecoverable. This includes me.

CHUBBS leans forward, wide eyed.

CHUBBS: “FOX?”

Cut to FOX and DAWN, standing amid pots. Both have glasses of lemonade.

FOX: “Yeah?”

CHUBBS: “Can you come here?”

FOX excuses herself from DAWN, and walks up the rows of pots to CHUBBS. He is still holding down the keys.

CHUBBS: “Read this.”

FOX: “What’s up?” as she leans over.

Cut to full screen, showing both the format progress (Sector 23 1%) and the translation box with the text message.

FOX: “What the fuck?”

CHUBBS: “Whatever’s on this laptop is strong enough to survive a Scrub 3, and was able to abort a formatting. I tried a brute force from disk, which is working, but then I get this weird pop-up.”

FOX: “Jesus, it’s pleading for its life.”

CHUBBS: “You ever seen anything like this?”

FOX: “Never. What the hell kind of virus is this?”

CHUBBS: “I dunno, but it’s one bad-ass one.”

FOX: “Well, do we want to kill it? This might be something we VLT can use. I’ll bet you could do some nasty sabotage with it.”

CHUBBS: “Actually, hon, I’m not all that comfortable with this thing even being around. Since we don’t know what this is and there’s no Scrub or cure for it, I say we kill it now.”

FOX: “Well, apparently a brute force format will wipe it away, plus it’s not going anywhere from this laptop, so we’ve got it contained. Hell, let me look at this thing. Like I said, this might be something we could use.”

CHUBBS: “Don’t call up what you can’t put down.”

FOX: “Tell you what: you were going to sell the laptop, right? I’ll buy it off you. Whatcha want for it?”

CHUBBS: “*Hmmmm*,” and polishes off his beer. “Let’s say \$1,000 in cash... real cash, not Moleback money...”

FOX: “I’ll talk to Dawn or M.B. even; so sure.”

CHUBBS: “...*and*...” arches his eyebrows and grins libidinally, “...come hang out in my hammock tonight. At least for a little while.” He nods toward the screen; cut to the progress bar:

Sector 88 2%

CHUBBS (voice-over): “No pressure intended, but the clock is ticking on your decision.”

Sector 89 2%

FOX (smirks): “I just want you to know you are an evil fiend.”

CHUBBS: “You know I’m your hero.”

FOX: “Chubbs, why couldn’t you have been born a woman?” Blows him a kiss. “I could call you Chubblina.”

CHUBBS: “I thought it was Chubbette?”

FOX (mischievous grin): “Well, no promises, but I’ll *think* about it. *Hard.*”

CHUBBS: “Yeah it is.”

FOX (whispers coyly): “Masturbuddy.” Playful, quick grin. “But you may have to take a rain-check on it while we’re in Rome; I don’t want to offend Dawn Caesar.”

CHUBBS: “That’s cool. Just one last thing then: *promise me* that you will never let this thing out of here until you have found an immunization or a Scrub for it *first.*”

FOX (snorts in contempt, as if the obvious had been overexplained.): “As Crowley said: ‘Don’t call up what you can’t put down’.”

CHUBBS lets go of the keys, and slides the laptop over to FOX. It’s up to **Sector 95**, 2%. FOX presses the eject button; it pops out and the machine *beeps*.

Format aborted

FOX: “Cool.” Looks at the disk in the tray. “Can I burn a copy of this? I don’t have any Linux on me.”

CHUBBS: “*Ooh*, that may require an additional hammock fee.”

FOX: “Don’t press your luck, cheese eater.”

CHUBBS: “Mmmm, *cheese.*” Turns to kitchen. “Actually, I think I saw some soy faux feta in there for the cucumber salad...”

FOX (points towards Mufon’s laptop): “Well, this can wait; I’ll play with it when we’re done.”

CHUBBS: “Like a cat with a mouse?”

FOX (smiles): “How much code we got left for the fluid?”

CHUBBS (looks over at his laptop): “Probably about 30 lines. Maybe 5 minutes, if there are no more errors.”

FOX: “That’s good; go tell VIXEN to set up the sprinklers, and we’ll probably be done with this when she’s ready.”

CHUBBS: “All right.” Gets up and goes off screen through doors.

Faintly in background, dialogue from Deleted Scene 35a can be heard as rest of scene plays out.

Cut to FOX, putting aside the cd-rom and closing the bay. She looks at the screen a moment, about to shut the system down, when she notices a new line of text in the translation window:

Thank you

FOX looks at this in disbelief. She looks closely, actually studying the window. There are radio buttons for 'Voynich to English' (selected) and 'English to Voynich', and a 'translate' button. A smaller window is at the bottom, where text can be entered. The cursor is flashing inside it.

Hesitantly, FOX hits 'w' on the keyboard. The letter appears in the window. She quickly types:

who are you?

She hits 'enter.' The machine *beeps*. After a moment, she changes the radio button to 'English to Voynich' and hits enter again. A quick flash of Voynich text in the top window (5 frames). In the text box, a single word in Voynich appears, with the radio button jumping to 'Voynich to English' (2 frames). This clears, as does the top window, which now has a single English word in it:

Voynich

FOX types: " what are you? " and hits enter.

Her message flashes in Voynich at the top; the same voynich word appears in the input box, and then translates as:

Voynich

FOX: "The *Hell?*" Steeples her fingers, looking perplexed.

VIXEN enters from side, and FOX turns to look to see who it is. A moment later, CHUBBS comes out, grinning mischievously.

CHUBBS: "Oink oink, *eh?*"

FOX: "Hey, ladies, Chubbs, can you come here?"

DAWN: "What's up?"

VIXEN: "What's up?"

CHUBBS: "What's up?"

36)

Cut to WILSON.

WILSON: "What's up?"

Shot pulls back to show him in Nimbus's Computer Room. PROP and LAB RAT are hovering over a fancy machine that resembles a miniature covered wagon, labeled 'Deux Ex Machina 2000'. It is set by the chalk outline.

LAB RAT: "Well, if we're lucky, this will be able to tell us what was written before it was smeared. It takes an imaging of the soak patterns."

LAB RAT rolls the DEM2K over the blood smear. He has a small remote with a collapsible monitor on top; he presses a button, and the underside of the wagon flashes. A green light moves from one end to the other (like a scanner) accompanied by humming. While they wait, the BEELZEBUG flies by.

Cut to LAB RAT, WILSON, and PROP, hovered around the screen. On screen is an image of what the floor looks like, with the 1 clear character, 1 partially clear, and the swipe.

LAB RAT (voice over): "So this works on the assumption that what's absorbed the deepest is the oldest. So, moving down into the wood..."

Click, and the image begins to change as the blood disappears. A vertical progress bar shows the depth of the wood. The wipe undoes itself and more letters becoming visible until about 10 are shown, and then they start disappearing from right to left as the writing becomes more pronounced left to right. Finally the first letter disappears. [cinematography: just film someone writing in real time and then wiping it — then run that film backwards for the actual scene]

LAB RAT: "Wow, that worked better than I thought it would."

PROP: "Yeah, you gotta love DEM technology. Those guys up at Stanford can do wonders these days."

LAB RAT: "Actually, the crew at Stanford are *hacks* that just got to the patent office first. They reverse-engineered this from a working prototype at Harvard; guy in the archaeology department named Don Krutchner is the one who discovered the effect in '93."

PROP: "Yeah, I heard that *myth* about him, but I still think Stanford should get the credit on this, especially Pohl Leoloeb. The actual principle for the process was worked out back in 1974, when he and another undergrad..."

LAB RAT (outraged): "*Oh*, don't you *dare* mention Kheller..."

WILSON: "Excuse me, I hate to interrupt tonight's game of Dueling Geeks, but can I get a print-out of this, from just before it was wiped?"

LAB RAT: "Of course. What format you want it?"

WILSON: "*Uh*, printed on paper."

PROP: "Actually, can you make me a bitmap?"

LAB RAT: "*Ooohhh, bitmap*. You must be running something *old*, Prop. But sure and sure." He presses 'print' and the machine scrolls out a fax-ish copy of the screen. LAB RAT looks at it, to make sure it printed okay.

Cut to print-out:

Handwritten red text, likely representing the Voynich Manuscript script.

LAB RAT (voice over): “I’ve never seen writing like this before. What is it?”

WILSON: “Voynich.”

LAB RAT: “Oh. Thought it was Elvish or something.”

PROP (scoffs): “Oh God no. Tolkien actually has the alphabet in one of the appendixes; looks nothing like this. Tolkien Elvish is basically just inverted variations of 8 characters, all depending on ascenders or descenders.” He makes some swishing with his index finger.

LAB RAT: “*Technically* true, but Gary Gygax came up with his own workable model for Elvish in one of the early *Dungeon Master’s Guides*. In fact, I believe one of the power artifacts a level 30 player could pick up was the *Voynich Manuscript*.”

WILSON (looks up from paper): “No shit? What the hell are you talking about, exactly?”

LAB RAT and **PROP:** “Dungeons and Dragons.”

WILSON: “And the Voynich Manuscript is mentioned in this game?”

LAB RAT: “It might be. I’m dredging high school memories here, but I kind of remember it being some type of unique magical item high-level players could get. Druids, I think.”

PROP: “I never heard of it before. Maybe I just never ran into a campaign that had it. But Gygax was a nut for esoteric, so I can see him putting in the Voynich as a joke.”

WILSON: “Wonder if it’s worth looking into?”

LAB RAT: “I can ask my uncle Marvin. He’d know. He was our Dungeon Master, and he had all that stuff memorized in and out. If you had to roll for something, he could tell you what it was without even looking it up.” **LAB RAT** gets a sudden, enlightened look. “Maybe that’s why he always won and we kept dying when he was in a pissy mood....”

WILSON takes the printout and looks at it, then at the floor, and then back to the printout.

PROP: “You think you can find it that the Yale book, Wilson?”

LAB RAT (off screen and to himself): “Worst... module... *ever!*”

WILSON: “I’m hoping so. I’d like to see what Kircher translates it as.”

PROP: “Well, knowing Kircher, it’ll probably be something like ‘The treachery of Typhon ends at the throne of Isis; the moisture of nature is guarded by the vigilance of Anubis’.”

WILSON: “Wasn’t Anubis the guardian of the dead?”

PROP: “Sounds about right.”

WILSON is looking out into the computer room at MacLeod's outline. Camera begins to home in on it over WILSON's shoulder.

WILSON: "Did Anubis ever let the dead give up their secrets?"

Camera is now completely focused on the outline. Holds.

LAB RAT (off screen): "Hey, if I'm done here, I'm gonna take off."

37)

Cut to ALANA's House.

ALANA: "So you're just gonna take off?"

MUFON (making a shit-eating grin): "Well, let me just make a quick call, and then I should be all set."

ALANA nods resignedly. MUFON picks up the phone and dials a 10-digit number.

Cut to close-up of MUFON with phone to his ear.

OPERATOR VOICEOVER: "At the beep, the time will be 7:32 am..." [etc.]

MUFON: "Hey, Jimmy? It's, uh, Randy.... Yeah, I'm coming down. Should take, what, 3 hours to drive? 4 with the construction? Whatever, I'll try to be there before noon... ..cool; hey, can I shave and shower at your place first? ...right, yeah, and you're about the same size as me, so I'm sure you have nicer suits and ties than I got... ..cool, cool, well, I'll call you from the IHOP in a couple of hours." Hangs up.

ALANA: "Well, good luck."

MUFON: "Yeah. If I'm lucky, I should be back around midnight; if not, I'll be back by tomorrow sometime."

ALANA: "You'd better be." Picks up his keys. "You know, I don't actually know where you live. I've never even been over there."

MUFON: "Oh. It's on the north side of Corners, the plex next to Kim's. At, uh, 710. I think it's building 24N."

ALANA looks at his keys. Sees a car key on it.

ALANA: "Is this a car key?"

MUFON: "Yeah, to a Mustang that doesn't work. That's why I'm borrowing yours, remember?" He kisses her lightly. "And I truly appreciate this."

ALANA: “Well, of course. You seem cool, and I like you, plus it will help you out. And who knows, if you can land that job, I can always use another sugar daddy. Especially one who doesn’t insist I go to college.”

MUFON: “What, aren’t you having fun learning about teeth? You use them so well.” Grins at her.

ALANA: “Yeah, to eat. God, I am so bloated with blubber. I am a whale.”

MUFON: “Then call me Ahab, and I’ll harpoon ya when we get back. Hell, you got my keys, you can be naked and waiting for me.” Kisses her lightly. “And on that note, I’m off.” Kisses her again, lightly, politely. Starts to pull away, but she grabs him back and Frenches him.

ALANA (when they stop): “Call me when you know.”

MUFON (coprophagial grin): “*Of course* I will.”

ALANA: “God, 4 hours is so far away.”

MUFON: “Hey, it’s not like I’m leaving the country.”

38)

Cut to: Berlin International Airport.

Over the course of this scene, announcements will come over the Airport p.a. They are intended to be in the background and unobtrusive, and are thus presented here ahead of time. They are:

OVERHEAD ANNOUNCEMENT #1 (in German): “Attention. This is the final boarding call for flight 821 to Antwerp. Please have a ticket pass and photo identification ready at gate 18 if you wish to be on flight 821 to Antwerp.”

OVERHEAD ANNOUNCEMENT #2 (in German): “Attention. This is the final boarding call for Hindenburg Flight 13 to Lakehurst, New Jersey. This is the final boarding call for Hindenburg flight 13 to Lakehurst, New Jersey.”

OVERHEAD ANNOUNCEMENT #3 (in German): “Attention, Mr. I.G. Farbin. You have a call on the black courtesy phone next to the showers by gate 4. Mr. I.G. Farbin. You have a call on the black courtesy phone next to the showers by gate 4.”

OVERHEAD ANNOUNCEMENT #4 (in German, and distorted to sound like Frank Zappa’s ‘Central Scrutinizer’): “The White Zone is for loading and unloading only. If you have to load, or if you have to unload, go to the White Zone. You’ll love it. It’s a *way of life*.”

Scene begins in a large waiting room next to the ‘customs’ tunnel exit. It is nighttime outside the observation windows, and the darkness has seeped into the drab interior.


OVERHEAD ANNOUNCEMENT #1

FRIENDISH emerges through the customs doors, a laptop tote over his shoulder. He looks around. The airport is busy, but the people he is looking for are easy to spot among the throng.

Two women [FRIEDEN and ANAÏS] are leaning against the far wall by a window, arms crossed, foot propped on the wall behind them, staring deadpan expressionless. Their nails are painted Moleback green. FRIEDEN is 30, has shoulder-length black hair, wrap-around sunglasses, and vintage West German army surplus fatigues. ANAÏS is 15, has an identical haircut except with green highlights, deep green wraparound glasses, and her pants are hacked to bermuda shorts-length. Her legs are unshaven, but the blonde hairs are hard to see.

FRIENDISH walks over towards them and pulls out his cellphone. FRIEDEN uncrosses her arms, and reveals she is holding a compact phone. She keys in a thirteen-digit number, and after a second, Friendish's phone starts ringing.

Cut to Friendish's cell screen:

Incoming call from:  228

Camera pans back from the display as FRIENDISH puts the phone to his head; he has almost reached the two women.

FRIENDISH (into phone): “Hello?”

Camera angles to include *Frieden* in the shot.

FRIEDEN (phone voiceover): “Hello.”

Friendish reaches her and stops at arm's length. They fluidly trade phones.

FRIEDEN (phone voiceover): “Goodbye.”

FRIENDISH (phone voiceover): “Goodbye.”

They trade back their phones, and hit ‘disconnect.’

FRIEDEN (smiles slightly and nods): “Herr Friendish. I am Frieden.” Slight nod of the head toward ANAÏS. “This is my daughter Anaïs.”

FRIENDISH nods to both, then holds up his cell and looks at FRIEDEN expectantly. She nods, readies her phone, and they simultaneously dial numbers; his is a lot longer than hers. The two have separate, simultaneous conversations while ANAÏS keeps watch of their surroundings.

FRIENDISH: “Moleback? It's me. I just got into the Berlin terminal...”

FRIEDEN (in German): “Lance? Yes, he is here; he just came through customs...”

The two stop talking at about the same time, then trade phones.

FRIENDISH (into other phone): “Hello, and thank you in advance for your hospitality... ..okay, hang on...”

FRIEDEN (into other phone, in English): “Moleback! It is Frieden, and we see no problems so far. ...okay, hang on...”

OVERHEAD ANOUNCEMENT #2

The two stop talking at the same time, then return the original phones. They quietly listen to the other end for four seconds.

FRIENDISH: “Bye.”

FRIEDEN: “Auf.”

The two hang up at the same time. FRIENDISH smiles politely at the two ladies.

FRIEDEN: “So welcome to Deutschland. Klaus expresses regret that he could not come to welcome you personally, but Lance and Moleback have sent us to meet and greet you for him.”

FRIENDISH: “He hinted this might happen. I didn’t give much notice, though, so it’s cool and I appreciate the meet ’n greet. You have a car, I presume?”

FRIEDEN: “Yes. Do you have luggage?”

FRIENDISH shakes his head *no* and then holds his hand out, indicating for them to lead the way out of there.

FRIENDISH: “Naw; I always travel light. Next day or two, I should probably buy some new clothes, help me blend in better. Camouflage.”

ANAÏS (heavy accent): “Camouflage?”

FRIEDEN: “Tarnung.”

ANAÏS: “Ah, ich verstehe.” (to FRIENDISH) “Do you speak German?”

FRIENDISH: “Nein.”

OVERHEAD ANOUNCEMENT #3

They reach an alcove with elevator bays to the parking garage.

ANAÏS: “How was the flight?” Presses button for the elevator.

FRIENDISH: “Slept through most of it, zenned out the rest. Used the time to think about how to handle this.”

FRIEDEN: “Good. Are you hungry? We could get a bite to eat before dropping you off at our safe house.”

FRIENDISH: “Actually, no thank you. I try to eat as little as possible.”

A FAMILY OF 3 comes up to the elevator, all toting luggage strollers. They chatter amongst themselves in German while they wait for the elevator.

FRIEDEN: “Oh really? Why is that?”

FRIENDISH: “Food gets in my way. I’m a busy guy; I’ve got things to do, and stopping what I’m doing to fix and eat a meal cuts into my productivity.”

ANAÏS: “But if you do not eat, you will die.”

FRIENDISH: “Yeah, that enslavement to it is *another* reason I hate it.”

ANAÏS: “Do you hate air, too, for the same reasons?”

FRIENDISH: “No: breathing’s easy, and it’s free. Food, on the other hand, you have to *kill* something to eat it.”

FRIEDEN: “Ah; that I agree with, which is why we are *Vegetarier*. I see why Moleback and Klaustina recommended you; we are kindred spirits.”

FRIENDISH: “Unfortunately, even with vegetarianism, you still have to kill the plants to eat them. It’s still murder, and arguably more savage. A fish can swim away, a cow can bite back, a chicken can peck and scratch, but how’s a head of lettuce going to defend itself? What defenses does a carrot have against the ravages of man?”

FRIEDEN: “I now also see why Moleback warned me that you had a strange sense of humor. That is very funny, but I would not repeat that to some of our fellow acquaintances. Especially Lance. We Germans have a genetic deficiency in the funny gene, especially when it comes to ourselves or our beliefs.”

OVERHEAD ANOUNCEMENT #4

The elevator *pings*. Doors open; elevator is cavernous (large enough for an airport shuttle cart) but the only passenger is a MAN IN A BUSINESS SUIT.

FRIENDISH, FRIEDEN, and ANAÏS enter, followed by the FAMILY OF THREE; there is easily room for one more person inside. The doors start to close.

LATE GUY (off screen, in German): “Hold the door! Hold the door!”

LATE GUY comes running up to the doors just as they close. ANAÏS could have prevented the doors from closing, but does not; she even smiles slightly at LATE GUY.

LATE GUY (when doors have shut): “Arschloche!”

39)

Cut to car interior on the Autobahn, night speeding by outside. ANAÏS is behind the wheel; she has not removed her sunglasses. FRIEDEN is in the passenger seat (shades off) and FRIENDISH in back. Sound (on left channel only) of the Doppler shift drop of an angry car horn passing into the background.

ANAÏS (out the window): “Beißen Sie mich!” [“bite me!”]

FRIEDEN: “So we are from Bavaria, but you are ultimately going to Baden-Württemberg? The cell there would have picked you up themselves, but tonight is a *special occasion* for them, and they could not spare anyone on such short notice.”

FRIENDISH: “What’s the occasion?”

ANAÏS: “A pair of Alpakas.”

FRIENDISH: “I’ll be sure to think happy alpaca thoughts for them.”

FRIEDEN: “That would be nice. So you may stay at Lance’s as long as you wish, until you can make it to Baden-Württemberg.”

FRIENDISH: “Appreciate that, but we’ll see how fast I can get shift in gear. How far is Stuttgart from this Black Forest alpaca group you know?”

FRIEDEN: “Roughly about an hour by car.”

FRIENDISH: “What do you know about this group, other than their love for alpacas?”

FRIEDEN: “Honestly? Not very much. I have met their leader, [name of VV GROUPIE] once.”

FRIENDISH: “Oh, Klaus isn’t in charge of it?”

FRIEDEN: “No; [VV GROUPIE]. Klaus is not officially part of any of our cells; he works with many, but belongs to none. I know he is not part of Operation Alpaca tonight, but is visiting with a different group. There are actually several cells in that area in the Schwarzwald, the Black Forest.”

ANAÏS: “At least in theory. A joke is that Germany has more cells than actual members.”

FRIENDISH: “Maybe some cells are just so low-key, you never know about them.”

FRIEDEN: “Low key, or lazy? That is the other problem. If you don’t put anything into the cause, you get nothing out of it. The group Klaus is with tonight is a good example. Do they rescue alpacas or pick up people from the airport? No. They have not done *anything*, actually. They make little contribution to the cause.”

FRIENDISH: “Maybe Klaus is giving them a pep talk.”

ANAÏS: “Or maybe they just enjoy doing their own thing.”

FRIEDEN: “True. Perhaps they are just a withdrawn commune or coven?”

ANAÏS: “Nein, you are thinking of the Witches of the Steiwald.”

FRIENDISH: “Witches...”

FRIEDEN: “Well, that is their cover story, anyway, that they are a Dianic coven of 13. But Anaïs is right, that is a different cell, in the Stalk Forest, not the Black Forest.”

FRIENDISH shrugs, and they ride in silence for several moments.

FRIENDISH: “How well do you know Kay’s friend Klaus?”

FRIEDEN: “I have only met him once, actually, when Kay was visiting last Halloween. We all had dinner together; he cooked.”

ANAÏS: “Oh, was that the pasta with all the basil in it?”

FRIEDEN: “Yes.”

ANAÏS: “I remember him. *Klaus*. I saw him at a Rave in Oberammergau about a month ago.”

FRIEDEN: “What were you doing at a Rave?”

FRIENDISH: “What was Klaus doing at a Rave?”

ANAÏS: “I think it is called ‘The Swim’?” She demonstrates dance (arm paddles, nose dive/wave, etc.) then quickly reclaims the steering wheel as the car begins to drift.

FRIENDISH: “I *see*...”

ANAÏS: “May I put on some music? It’s going to be a long drive.”

FRIEDEN: “Yes, but keep it down for now.”

ANAÏS reaches down and turns on the car’s stereo. A song by Contravene blares out jarringly: volume is on “8”; she quickly subdues the volume to “2”. She begins to ‘Swim’ to the beat, keeping at least one hand on the wheel.

FRIEDEN: “How do you know Moleback and Klaustina?”

FRIENDISH: “I try and make it my business to know everybody. It helps to know who’s who.”

FRIEDEN: “This is true.”

FRIENDISH: “How do you know them?”

FRIEDEN: “Through Smelly, one of the VLT, who came over here on tour several years ago. This is their band Anaïs is playing right now. We recognized each other’s ideals, though in all honesty I think theirs are more extreme, as are their methods for attaining them. But at least we are on the same side, if on different teams.”

FRIENDISH (ponders her last comment): “I’m intrigued; what do you mean?”

FRIEDEN: “We of the *Vegetarian Volksfrei* do not take such a drastic view of certain biological aspects as the VLT do.”

FRIENDISH: “Like what?”

FRIEDEN: “Do you know why they are all lesbians?”

FRIENDISH: “...I... ..I never actually put much thought into it, and they never brought it up.”

FRIEDEN: “They are trying to parthenogenically reproduce. Do you know what oviogenesis is?”

FRIENDISH: “No.”

FRIEDEN: “The woman contributes half the chromosomes to a child; the other half come from a man. It is possible for the woman’s egg to divide in half and fertilize itself with the full set of chromosomes. Since it’s both sets of x chromosomes, the child will be a girl.”

ANAÏS: “Moleback and Klaustina believe the Immaculate Conception of Mary was just such an event. But not the Virgin Birth of Jesus. Jesus was a boy, and oviogenesis only produces girls.”

FRIEDEN: “It’s almost a variation of cloning; the child should be almost identical to the mother, since that’s who gave it its full set of chromosomes. The VLT have been trying to breed a race of *uberfraulines* this way for many years, but with no luck. So far.”

FRIENDISH: “Did not know that.”

FRIEDEN: “Really?”

FRIENDISH shrugs and shakes his head *no*.

FRIEDEN: “You should remember that ignorance, for if you ever repeat what I just told you to Moleback or Klaustina, they will kill you, and then kill whoever it was that told you this. It is dangerous information I tell you, but it is important, and directly affects you. Once Moleback and Klaustina achieve their Parthenogenic plot, they will kill anyone with a y chromosome as now unnecessary. As you are such a carrier, you have a right to know this while you are contributing to their agenda.”

FRIENDISH: “The plants in these pictures, do they pertain to the parthenogenesis, or to the extinction of males?”

FRIEDEN: “I do not know. Perhaps both, perhaps neither. Maybe they’re just aesthetically pretty, and they like them. But I do not doubt they would find some use for them.”

FRIENDISH: “Do you think they have a reasonable chance of achieving these goals within my lifetime?”

FRIEDEN: “That depends on how long you live, and by what means you use to prolong your life. But no, I doubt it. These feminine eugenics programs have been going on for generations before Moleback and Klaustina became VLT leaders, and most likely will continue on after.”

FRIENDISH: “Unless these happen to be what they need, or at least something to speed up the process.”

FRIEDEN: “That had crossed my mind too, which is why we are talking about this. In its own way, their goal is noble, though the y-genocide is extreme. We *like* men, and do not blame them for being men; they had no choice in the matter. Men are useful, and we have many among us, including our cell’s leader, Lance.”

ANAÏS (in German, to herself): “Außerdem sind Batterien kostspielig.” [Besides, batteries are expensive.]

FRIEDEN smacks her lightly, playfully up-side the head. ANAÏS grins and goes back to dancing.

They drive along in silence for a few moments.

ANAÏS: “May I turn the music up? It assists my driving.”

Another Doppler horn whizzes by, this on the right channel.

FRIEDEN nods her approval; ANAÏS reaches down to the panel. Music begins to swell.

Cut to low-angle shot of the Audubon from the side: their car drives by, the Contravene song rising and fading. As the music finally dies, a new tune fades in. A blue Ford Escort (driven by AUTHOR and SEAN) drive by, windows rolled down, blasting Beethoven’s 8th Symphony at top volume. Music continues to increase and clarify as car passes by.

After a few moments, MR. EAGLE’s head pops in front of the camera. The Autobahn is still visible behind him.

MR. EAGLE (deadpan to camera): “Excuse me. Can we change the music?”

40)

Cut to di Medicigan Conversation Pit. Classical music in background, same as before. Close-up of MR. EAGLE (match his positioning from previous shot as much as possible.)

MR. EAGLE: “I hate to be rude, but I’m just not in the mood for Beethoven.”

Shot pans back to show Conversation Pit. DI MEDICIGAN, COUNT, MR. ROBIN, his LEASHED ASIAN ESCORT, PRALINE, and 3 others are seated with MR. EAGLE.

DI MEDICIGAN: “Oh, did you have some other music you would rather hear?”

COUNT: “No, my friend in leather is right. No Beethoven today. The violin frequency, it chig out my ears.” Stabbing motions with a fat index finger.

DI MEDICIGAN raises a hand and *snaps*. (deadpan monotone): “Cabana boy.”

CABANA BOY instantly appears, dressed like a priest. “Si?”

DI MEDICIGAN: “Change the music.”

CABANA BOY: “Si. Do you have a preference, or just randomize, sir?”

DI MEDICIGAN looks at his guests, palms up for suggestions.

MR. EAGLE: “I’m fine with classical, just not *this*.”

COUNT: “Yes, nothing Teutonic.”

DI MEDICIGAN: (to Cabana Boy) “Rossini, randomize a piano concerto.”

MR. ROBIN: “Nice.”

MR. EAGLE (nodding ascent): “Good call.”

CABANA BOY leaves.

COUNT: “Yes, something happy from the south, not this Germanic bombastment.”

MR. EAGLE: “The only Germanic classical I can handle is Bach. It’s so mathematically precise yet melodious at the same time.”

COUNT: “*Haha*, this is true. I like Bach, too. But *which* Bach, *eh?* There were three generations of Bachs who wrote good music, but people only remember the middle one, Johann Sebastian Bach. You want me to tell you *my* favorite Bach? Michael. He was the third generation, one of Johann Sebastian’s 12 children. Now when Johann die, 12 children, they gonna go through papa’s inheritance pretty fast, right? So they blew the Bach fortune partying and then had to get jobs when there no more money. Michael, he decide he stay in the family business, so he try his hand at composing. He wrote a few symphonies and tried to sell them. Unfortunately, he was fair at best, and his papa was one hard act to follow. No one buy his stuff or attend performances. [Beethoven in background stops] So Michael realize he got to give up composing and get a *real* job. Just when this happens, he finds some music that his dad had written, and is able to sell it for a pretty guilder. Everybody go, ‘Wow! A lost work of Johann Sebastian Bach!’ and were so happy that nobody ask too many questions. All of a sudden, Michael start finding a *lot* of his dad’s music and manuscripts. ‘Hey, I was cleaning out the attic, and found this in papa’s old trunk under some dirty socks.’ *Hehe*, I think it was by the 9th Brandenburg Concerto that people’s bullshit detectors started going off, especially when people started comparing all these ‘new’ pieces to those symphonies of his own he’d tried to sell a few years earlier. But it took them a while to catch on, you know, and in a few cases, they’re still not so sure? *Hehe*, so I *like* Bach, because whenever I listen to him, I am not always sure which Bach I am hearing.”

The music changes, a Rossini concerto. They all look up, noticing the start.

MR. EAGLE: “Yeah, that’s nice. Simple. Sometimes simplicity is the key to ambiance. It’s so often ignored or never learned. The worst offender for that was Wagner...”

COUNT (off screen): “*Pah!* The Teutonic Plague!”

MR. EAGLE: “Wagner overdrove complexity to the expense of enjoyment. ‘A piano’s got 88 keys, and by God I’m going to use them all!’”

COUNT: “*Bah!* Wagner’s operas just makes me want to dye my hair blond and invade Poland!”

MR. ROBIN (pointing up): “Actually, I think Rossini said it best: ‘Wagner has good moments, but bad quarter hours’.”

DI MEDICIGAN: “Know who Wagner reminds me of? Kircher.”

COUNT laughs at this, but the others look puzzled.

DI MEDICIGAN: “Kircher was a Jesuit scholar at Colegio Romano in the mid-1600s. He mostly did languages, and wrote extensive translations and summaries of things like Coptic and Hieroglyphics...”

COUNT: “...and one really fun one, *eh?*”

DI MEDICIGAN: "...but he also wrote treatises on almost everything under the sun, even if he didn't know anything about it. Wagner was the same way. Wagner once wrote an essay called 'On Art and Music' where he goes off on a tangent about vegetarianism. He said the Japanese were as smart as they were because they ate nothing but plants. Wagner then goes on to talk about vegetarian panthers living in the swamps of Canada. *Really.*"

COUNT: "*Hehe*, I see what you mean about Wagner being like Kircher. I did not know this, as I do not listen to him. It is why I avoid weddings: the bridal procession from *Lohengrin* has become adapted into 'here comes the bride'."

DI MEDICIGAN: "Kircher actually wrote a tract about music theory, but I have not read it. I do know that he invented a 'cat piano'. He trained cats to meow at different pitches, put them in a row of boxes, and hooked the keys of the piano up to some pointy sticks. Hit a note, and..." makes jabbing noise with his finger "...*meow!*"

MR. ROBIN: "Wow, that was centuries before Arthur Ewing premiered his mouse-o-phone."

MR. EAGLE: "Now I *know* you're bullshitting me."

DI MEDICIGAN: "Sir, I could not make something like this up! As my friends in America say, F-G-I... *Fucking Google It.*"

COUNT: "*Pah*, Kircher was a fool, but you already knew that, *eh?* I wonder if he wrote any music for this cat piano of his. I wonder what it was meant to sound like."

MR. ROBIN: "Perhaps it is best not to know."

MR. NUTHATCH: "*Bah*, I *love* collecting bad music!" (To DI MEDICIGAN) "Hey, you keep an eye out for any for me, yes?"

DI MEDICIGAN (nods): "Of course. But you know we have had musical auctions before; you have attended several yourself."

COUNT: "*Hah*, this is true." (To group, pointing to DI MEDICIGAN) "From him I once try to buy the original score for the Pachelbel Canon."

DI MEDICIGAN: "Why, so you could wipe your ass with it, like you did with the Napoleon treaty?"

COUNT (outraged at the slander): "Hey, that was *different!* That treaty was signed by my father when Napoleon stopped in my lands on his way to Russia. *Pah!* I remember that man. He smelled like a pig and gardenias. It is fortunate that Wellington fought him in the lowlands. The ground never feels right under the feet, and *that* is what did Napoleon in. *Bah*, I must be in those wretched lowlands tomorrow myself. Holland is even worse than Belgium, as the ground is so soggy from leaking dikes."

DI MEDICIGAN: "Oh, that's right. Your court claim to your ancestral lands. Well good luck with that, Count."

COUNT: "*Bah*, we have not reached the point yet where luck is needed. Hopefully, we never will; I prefer games where I put my faith in skill, not fortune." Gets up. "I should call my lawyer, make sure he is either in Holland or on his way. Gentlemen, I may or may not be back; depending on how slippery this eel is."

41)

Cut to: WILSON's computer. The screensaver shows an eel; after a few seconds, it changes into a moose. [etc. – this will continue with random animals until WILSON uses his computer.] Shot pans back to show WILSON entering his office. He closes the door, puts his coat on the rack, and looks quickly at things in his in-box. Nothing holds his interest; he moves around to his desk, and nudges the mouse. The screensaver [then on a capybara] disappears and is replaced with a detective-ish desktop.

WILSON opens the mail program:

New messages: 2

Big Boss Man	end of month schedule rotation changes sqmd3qskwe`	Today 7:00am Today 12:23am
--------------	--	-------------------------------

Mouse moves over to bottom one; *click*:

idflk; ii3msn

„laekd0tu 209 ewfe so# fgffw

WILSON ponders this a moment. Hits the 'forward' button. In the 'send to' field, types 'internal', in the 'cc' field, types 'prop'. In the text area, types:

Internal: trace this for C#3873549 [MacLeod].

Prop—look familiar? Pls forward this to your friend in Mass.

Clicks 'send.'

Knock on the door.

Cut to door: SUPERINTENDENT is outside, with a small cluster of lackeys hovering.

WILSON nods, SUPERINTENDENT opens door.

SUPERINTENDENT: "Morning, Wilson. Got a second? Because that's all I have." Looks over at shoulder.

Quick cut to hallway full of nerdy, suited lawyer-types (REMORAH#1-4) hovering anxiously. One of them is studying the Chubbs reward poster in wide-eyed horror.

WILSON: "Sure. Glad I caught you, actually; I was going to track you down and ask if I can go out of town tomorrow for the MacLeod case."

SUPERINTENDENT: "I was going to ask how that was coming along. So you have a lead out of town?"

WILSON: "Maybe not a lead, but something definitely relevant. Worth looking into, and in person seems better."

SUPERINTENDENT: “So what have you got?”

WILSON: “MacLeod was into some pretty esoteric subjects, and I’m betting anything the killer was, too. I’m still in the middle of a crash course trying to understand the framework, and it would be easier to do it in person. Besides, I think I gotta get out of that house. You can still kinda smell the body, and the whole place has this weird ‘Shining’ thing going... Plus there’s this one fly there that’s driving me nuts. The Beelzebug. I don’t know whether to call an exterminator or an exorcist to cast out the beast.”

SUPERINTENDENT: “Well, do what you gotta do, if you think it’ll solve the case.”

WILSON: “I will. Out of curiosity, has anyone asked about this case, enquired in its progress?”

SUPERINTENDENT: “Just that one call from the NSA about the language. That Admiral you talked to.”

WILSON: “Besides him, and since then. Anyone else?”

SUPERINTENDENT: “Uh, no.” Thinks a second. “No, and that’s actually odd. Usually some next of kin show up and ask, but *no one* has shown an interest in this case.”

WILSON: “You’re right; that is a bit odd. I was more wondering if someone was on *your* case to have me either wrap up this case quickly, or even shut it down.”

SUPERINTENDENT: “No. Seriously: no one’s even asked about it. Why?”

WILSON: “Because aspects of this case kind of strike me as being like from a bad spy novel, and in those you always have the Superintendent that has Big People breathing down his neck to get the investigation derailed before *‘the truth’* comes out.”

SUPERINTENDENT: “Well, this isn’t a bad spy screenplay, this is real life.” (suddenly *coughs* roughly, then recovers) “Excuse me. Something caught in my throat just there.” [alternately, the actor may ad lib a line] “Anyway, like I said, Wilson, no one’s asked. Only reason *I’m* asking and all concerned like I am is that there’s a murderer out there that we haven’t caught yet..”

WILSON: “Yeah. That the *only* reason you asking, boss?” ‘Cuz there’re lots of murderers out there, and some of ‘em might even be in Philadelphia.”

SUPERINTENDENT: “So where do you want to go tomorrow?”

WILSON: “New Haven, Connecticut. If I leave early enough, I can be back by midnight.”

SUPERINTENDENT: “What, you driving, or just plan for this to be a long visit?”

WILSON: “Both, maybe. Long drives are good for thinking, and I have a lot of that to do. And hopefully will have a lot more for the drive back.”

The REMORAHS are getting restless. SUPERINTENDENT notices this, and glances at his watch.

SUPERINTENDENT: “Keep me up to speed on this, please.”

WILSON: “Will do, first thing Monday morning.” SUPERINTENDENT starts to leave. WILSON calls out “Door, please?” REMORA #1 gets it, and they disappear down the hall.

WILSON looks at his desk's papers for several seconds, then notices something peripherally. He looks up.

Cut to HASSAN, standing in the middle of the office. Aside from the fez, he is dressed in a black tunic that went out of style 2 millennia ago. A wan smile is on his lips.

WILSON stares at him, uncomprehending. HASSAN points to a paper on WILSON's desk. WILSON looks down; there is a piece of parchment on his desk, yellowed and curled with age. Elegant Voynich script fills much of the page, around an illustration that is of the "biological" variety. It has 13 dancing nymphs and a decapitated male body.



WILSON blinks, picks up the page, and then looks back up at HASSAN.

Cut to empty office.

WILSON looks back at the paper.

Cut to photocopy of MacLeod's 1040 short form.

WILSON looks up, confirming that no one is in the room, then back down at the paper, which is indeed a 1040. He leans back, and blows a breath out in despair.

Fade.

End Part 2